

Life

Medical Number

PRICE 10 CENTS
Vol. 73, No. 1913. June 26, 1919
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NOTICE TO READER

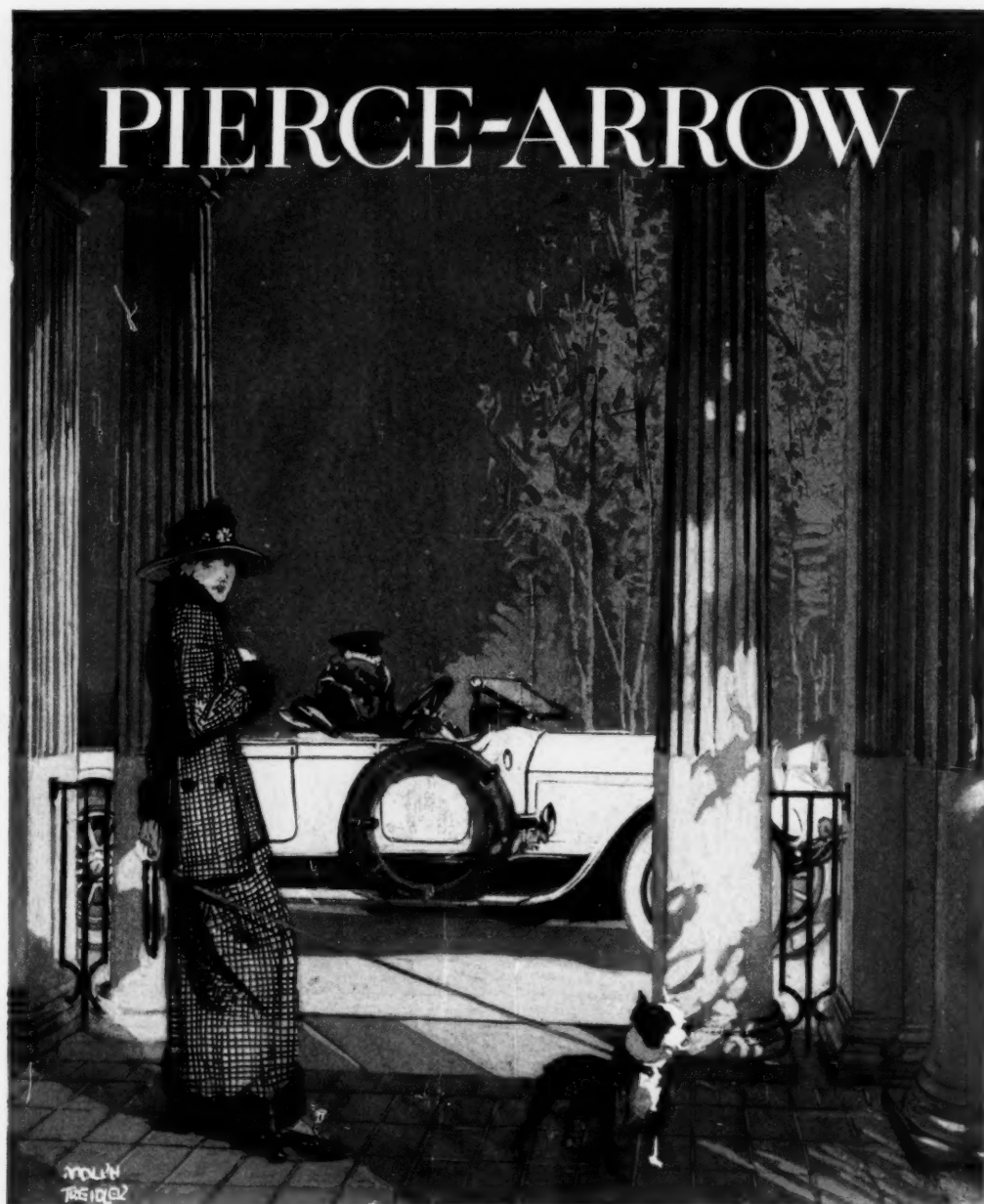
When you finish reading a magazine bearing this notice place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers, sailors or marines.

No Wrapping—No Address.

A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

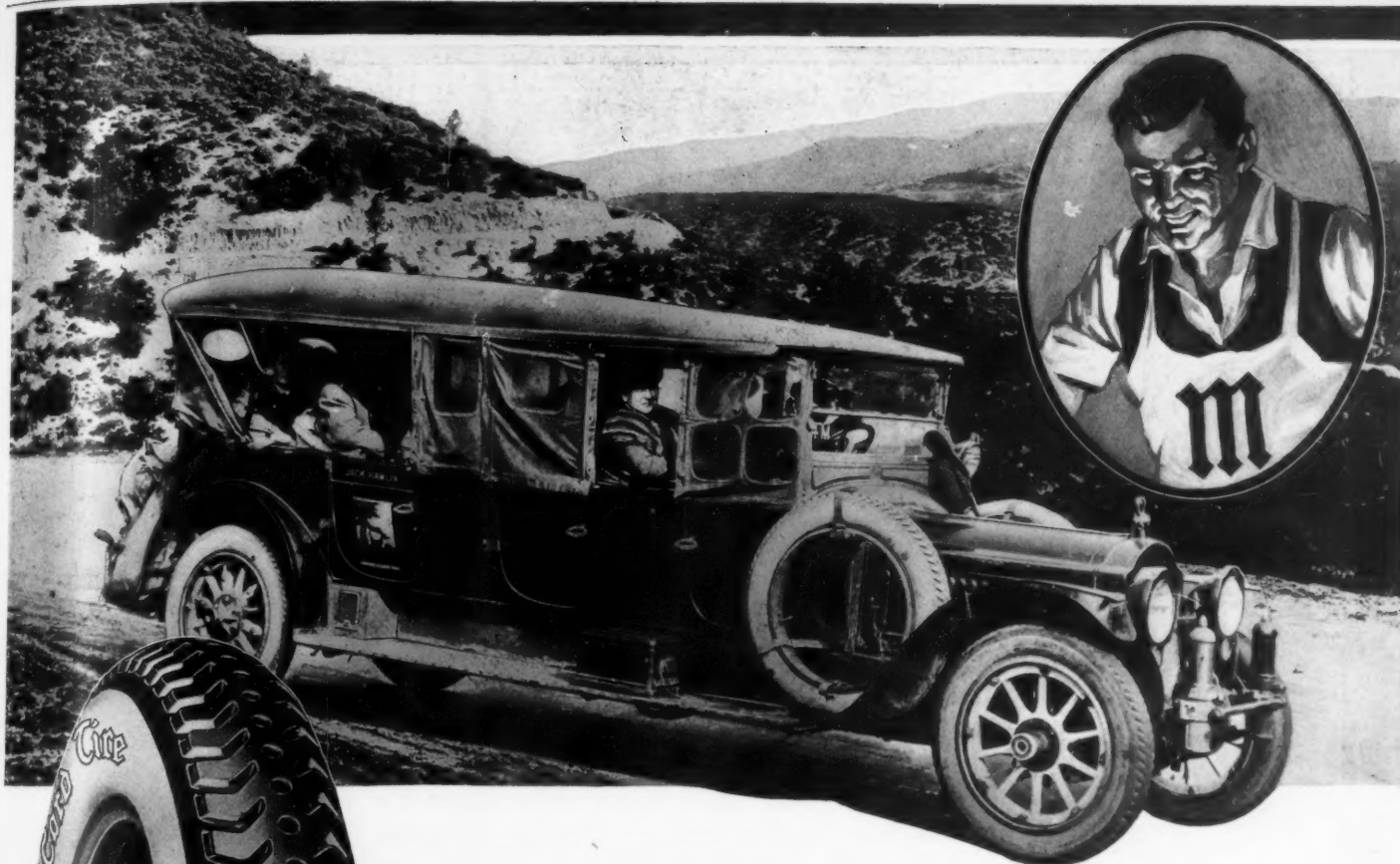


AN INTERESTING CASE OF HEART TROUBLE



ONE year ago the Pierce-Arrow Car seemed almost perfect. It appeared to lack nothing. And yet the Pierce-Arrow engineers have perfected a power plant which has greatly increased the comfort and efficiency of the car.

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR CO., Buffalo, N. Y.



How Miller Cords Outran 21 Prominent Makes

*A Heroic Tire Contest on 17 Packard 'Buses, Going
78,000 Miles a Month*

NO more convincing proof of a tire's supremacy has ever been submitted to the court of public opinion. It comes from the private tests of the Eldorado Stage Company, Los Angeles, Cal. They're one of the largest users of tires in the world. To them it meant a huge sum of money to establish which tire carries a heavy load lightly, and runs the farthest.

Twenty-two leading makes of tires were tested on the Eldorado's seventeen 12-Passenger Packards. They travel an average of 153 miles daily—a combined distance of 936,000 miles a year. That's more than 37 times around the world.

Proof of Uniform Mileage

This is the "Service de Luxe" for which the Miller Tires competed and won. Their victory was based—not on exceptional mileage of a single casing—but on long distance uniformity, tire after tire.

Once the burro was the only transportation where today this grand fleet carries thousands of passengers between Los Angeles, Bakersfield and Taft. Here Nature has painted with lavish hand a wide panorama of peaks, canyons, rivers, verdant hills and valleys.

Parlor Car Comfort

Next time you visit California don't miss this enchanting trip—made in parlor car comfort in an Eldorado stage running on buoyant Miller Cord Tires.

All Millers are uniform because their workmanship is uniform. The Eldorado tests have reaffirmed it. You can get these championship tires—but only from the authorized Miller Dealer. If you don't know his name, write us.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY, Dept. A-156, Akron, Ohio

*Makers of Miller Red and Gray Inner Tubes
—the Team-Mates of Uniform Tires*

Also Miller Surgeons Grade Rubber Goods—for Homes as Well as Hospitals

TO DEALERS: Your territory may be open—write us





Now that we look back on it, it wasn't such a bad world. We laughed and sang and held up our heads under the troubles that we now see were lighter than we thought. The clink of glasses stood for Freedom. We were gay. We were irresponsible. We were at times delightfully wicked. There was music in our souls, merriment in our hearts. Even LIFE had occasionally humorous things. We hail thee with solemn dirge, thou First of July. The next issue of this lugubrious paper will celebrate thy mournful advent.

Gloom Number of **LIFE** July 3rd

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 HARPE



Soothe Your Itching Skin With Cuticura

All drugists: Soap 25c, Ointment 25c & 50c, Talcum 25c. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston."



"MATILDA, I'M IN THE DEUCE OF A FIX. I'VE MISLAID PART OF MY ARTICLE ON EFFICIENCY."

The Medical Corps

STEADFAST and keen and strong,
they never failed,
Though rounds were overlong and
helpers few;
And, through their patient care, our
soldiers knew
That men who at no ghastly service
quailed,
Who did their utmost for each lad that
ailed,
Were fighters just as strenuous and
great
Against the ruthless harvesting of
hate
As those who death-wired trench or
lookout scaled.

The Highflyers

By Clarence Budington Kelland

"MR. KELLAND has written an uncommonly good novel that combines within its pages the epic of Detroit's growth under the impetus of the automobile industry, the reaction of its business men to the spirit of patriotism aroused by Germany's foul deeds against humanity, the conquest of a man's worse nature under the impetus of war, and a wholly charming love-story. If you want to have your spirits lifted up once more with the old-fashioned belief in America dip into the pages of Mr. Kelland's book."—*N. Y. Sun*.
Illustrated. \$1.50

HARPER & BROTHERS Est. 1817

Push the Button

(SWITCH ON YOUR IGNITION)



BUT before you start your motor, stop and think what is taking place.

Whether the meter on the dash of your car shows it or not, a certain amount of current is flowing out of your battery. This flow, if allowed to continue any length of time, would drain it.

This, then, is exactly what would take place should you forget or neglect to switch off your ignition when your motor is not running.

Connecticut Automatic Ignition meets this situation squarely. It is provided with a switch which will "kick" itself "off"—automatically—the minute current is being wasted. This switch is more than human; it never forgets.

If you want to know whether your car has adequate protection against battery drainage, switch on your ignition some night when you put up your car, and see what happens.

AUTOMATIC IGNITION CONNECTICUT



Our booklet on Automobile Ignition in general and Connecticut Automatic Ignition in particular, is well worth reading. Yours for the asking. Write the Connecticut Telephone & Electric Company, 51 Britannia Street, Meriden, Connecticut.

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

They braved continuous rain of shell
and shot

To succor in a conflict's instant
need,

And always dangers or fatigue forgot

At any chance to do a kindly deed:

They gave their country heart, and
mind, and skill,

And saved men, flesh and soul, to serve
her still.

Charlotte Becker.

Is This Treason?

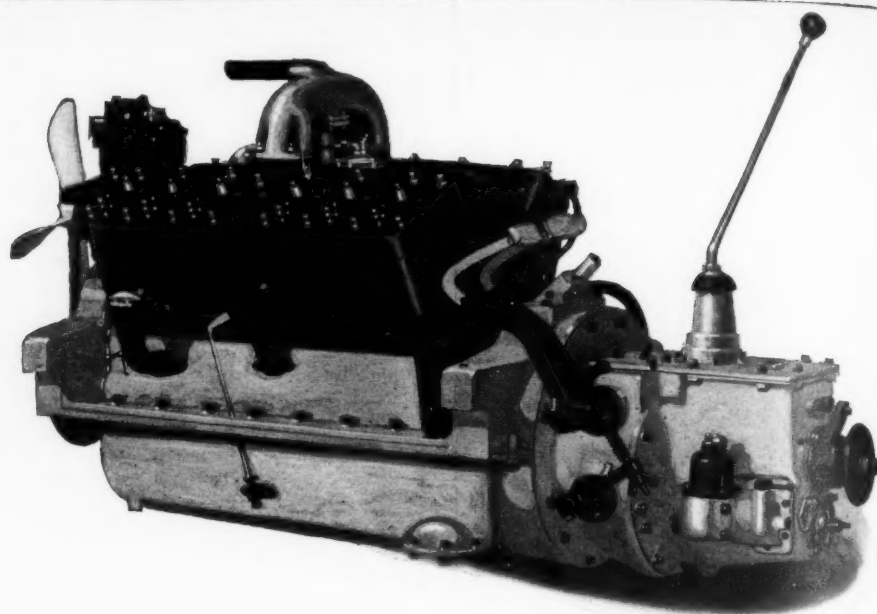
BURNS: The Salvation Army is a fine organization, and I'm glad to give them some of my money; but there's still one thing of which I'm not convinced.

BROWN: What is that?

BURNS: I can't bring myself to believe that a tambourine and a bass drum constitute music.



For sound, practical reasons and the best use of your money, why not make an attempt to verify the facts before deciding whether you will spend two or three thousand dollars for an ordinary automobile, or invest in a Twin Six Packard with all that a Packard can give you.



Transportation facts are established

A LEADING transportation expert has said that most automobiles are built on theory and bought on personal opinion.

Transportation is now a science. It is a science that applies to your own car whether it carries you across the Continent or merely from your home to your office or serves your family or friends in their daily activities.

It would astonish the average car owner to see a scientific test of his car in its relation to the whole question of transportation.

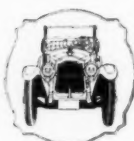
We say the *whole question* because advantages are claimed and economies cited for certain parts of a car or special phases of the question.

It is only by treating the problem *as a whole* that we get the facts.

For example a man may have his eye filled by economy of gasoline and tires, and he may throw away more on engine tinkering than he saves on both these items.

He may get speed at the cost of vibration that racks and wrecks his car.

He may get lightness at the expense



of safety or dragging weight at a heavy upkeep charge.

If he gets power when he wants it he may have to pay for it when he doesn't use it.

While passenger cars were bought as luxuries alone, it was difficult to get consideration for the facts.

Just as today the average automobile for family use is a compromise from the standpoint of scientific transportation; its advantage in one direction off-set by loss in another.

When corporations buy Packard cars for the transport of their executives, there is something for the average car buyer to think about.

That is the result of expert analysis of all the factors. It is a matter of business.

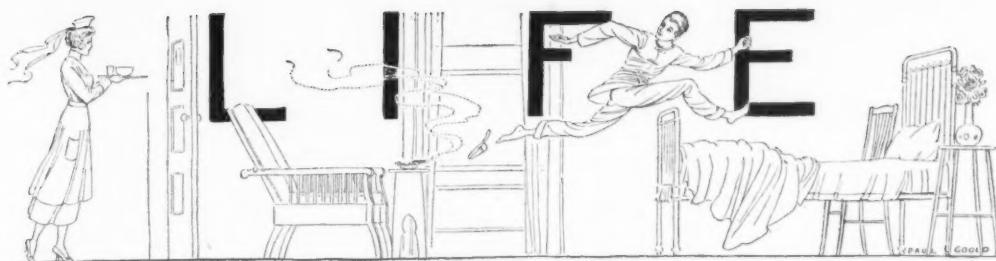
When will the purchase of the family car be regarded as a business transaction?

The Packard people are transportation experts; they can tell you more on this subject than any other organization in the world. You can ask them to discuss your car problem without obligation.

It is to your interest and profit to do so.

Ask the Man Who Owns One

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY - Detroit

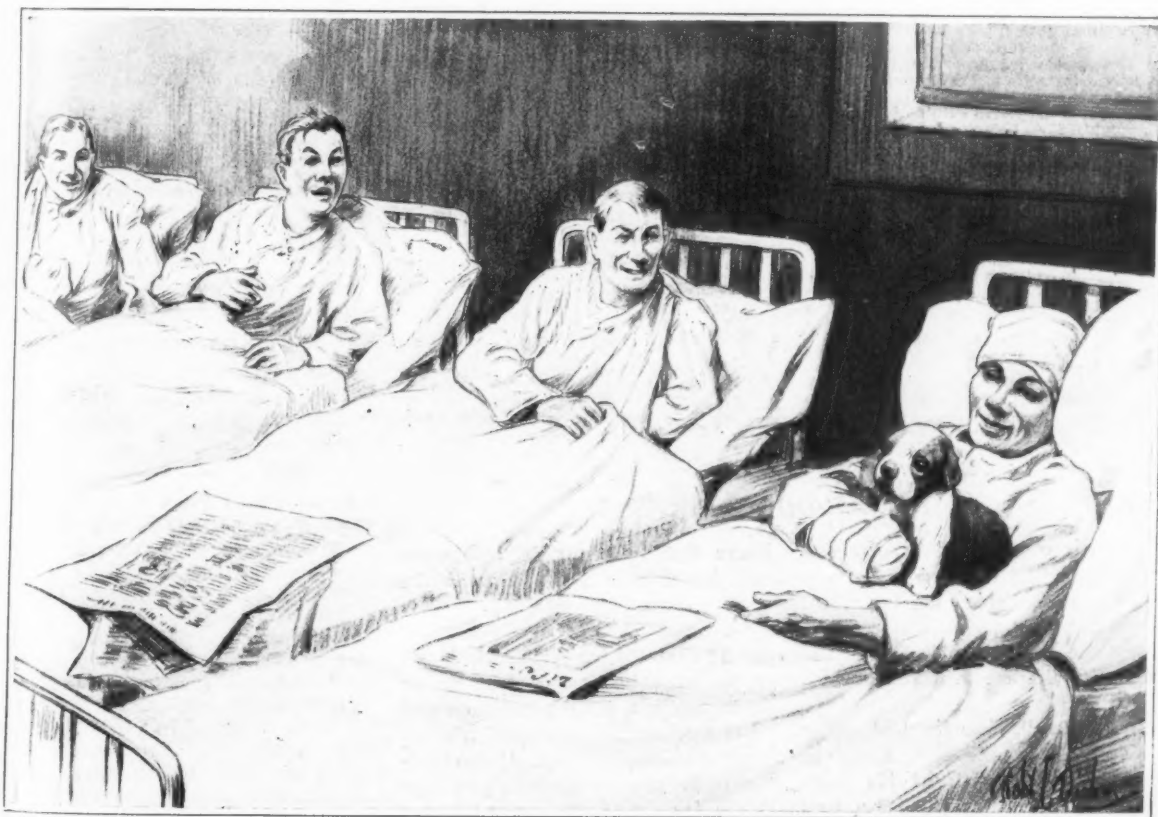


An Ode to Our Doctors

THEIR dignity, their motor cars, their ease
And well-earned fees
(Those comfortable fees,
Those fees concerning which we've often joked them
In ways that may have, more or less, provoked them)
Ungrudged, they left behind, and marched away
In soldier khaki clad, on soldier pay,
To face Disease and Death in grimmer guise.
In hospital or field,
Beneath their own or alien skies,
Through miseries and horrors unrevealed,
They toiled to save, for Pity's gentle sake,
The human wreckage tossed in War's red wake.

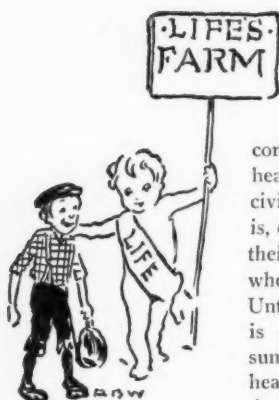
Small glory, less reward
Our usages accord
To these who shared the danger, woe and pain,
Yet have no tale to tell of foemen slain.
Unlit by flash of sword,
Their homely epic ends
With thousands of our gallant boys restored
To life and home and friends.
So let us fill
Our cups with any liquid that may still
Be mingled by our beverage-concoctors,
And pledge those quiet heroes, greatly daring,
Who gave themselves with cheerfulness unsparing—
Our Doctors!

Arthur Guiterman.



Chorus: AW SAY, HAVE A HEART! LET ME TAKE HIM A WHILE!

LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund



A GAIN LIFE makes its annual appeal for the little children of the poor who are the victims of city conditions during the heated term. So long as civilization remains as it is, cities are bound to have their crowded districts where dwell the poor. Until this state of affairs is changed, or until the sun learns to modify its heat in summer, the children are bound to suffer.

LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund seeks, by the alleviation of a fortnight in the country, with good air and good food, to give strength to some of these children to endure the summer's evils. A large bunch of happiness goes with the bargain. Eight dollars insures this two weeks of relief to a child.

Inclusive of 1918, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation thirty-two years. In that time it has expended \$174,443.17 and has given a fortnight in the country to 40,097 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Balance from 1918.....	\$1,393.86
Stella M. Osborne.....	10.00
J. H. Breu.....	5.00
Nora C. Snow.....	5.00
A Hawaiian Friend.....	5.00
Electric Social Club.....	7.00
Cottage Services, 1918 Canandaigua Lake, N. Y., in memory of Mack S. Smith.....	10.00
Other Gifts.....	60.00
Ada Barry.....	20.00
L. G. Stewart.....	10.00
"Ozone".....	5.00
John G. Hopkins, 3d.....	10.00
Mrs. Francis C. Bishop.....	11.79
Laura V. Kennedy.....	7.00
F. W.....	10.00
Mrs. J. P. Haller.....	1.00

Mrs. Jno. M. Gracie.....	25.00
S. B. Wright.....	5.00
The Stevens-Hodge Corporation.....	40.00
Navy.....	5.00
S. F. Tombaugh.....	5.00
E. Navarrete.....	2.00
C. B. K.....	1.50
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hyde Rice.....	10.00
Mrs. Alfred Holmes White.....	3.00
J. H.....	1.00
E. J. McCluen, C. O. of U. S. S. "C-225".....	25.42
C. H. Over, Jr.....	1.00
Pvt. A. C. Alday.....	1.00
Martin Herman.....	10.00
Ethel, Mary and Frederick.....	2.00
Walter W. Stunt.....	2.00
"A Dog Lover".....	1.00
G. Rann Henry.....	1.00
Mrs. Stewart Maher.....	1.00
Miss Helen Johnson.....	.93
Miss A. F. Johnston.....	7.00
Susan L. Whitcomb.....	4.70
Song royalties from Mr. Henry J. Van Praag, Hotel Knickerbocker, New York City.....	10.98
W. J. Cole.....	15.00
Katharine von Lovern.....	2.00
James Morton.....	6.76
Jackson Martin.....	1.00
In memory of Archer M. Martin, of Short Hills, N. J.....	1.06
E. Percy Smith.....	2.00
"F. M. P.".....	10.00
"Becky".....	3.00
"A Friend".....	30.00
Mrs. H. L. Moore.....	1.00
"Thalia and Malcolm".....	100.00
"Murmausk".....	14.00
Miss L. F. Emmet.....	5.00
"Millstream".....	100.00
Proceeds of sale of tin foil by a little class of boys and girls in a private school.....	0.00
Lucy N. Robinson.....	10.00
H. C. Hawkins.....	25.00
W. D. P.....	10.36
William A. Ulman, Jr.....	25.00
J. Schullinger.....	5.00

\$2,111.36

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

One box of clothing, shoes and toys and two packages of books from A. N. Burk, New York.

A package of shoes, dresses, underwear, neckties, stockings and socks from Mrs. R. C. Chambers, Faraway Nana Pier, R. I.

Package of children's clothing from E. H. Ludford, New York City.

Package of children's clothing from Mrs. J. A. Martin, Clarke's Dale, Miss.

Package of children's clothing from K. M. Eyland, Belle Island, South Norwalk, Conn.

One barrel "Gold Medal" flour from F. G. Tyler, manager, Washburn-Crosby Company, Providence, R. I.

The Endowments

OF their own initiative, the artists contributing to LIFE have established a memorial to the late JOHN AMES MITCHELL, which is a peculiarly fitting one, in view of what he did during his lifetime in behalf of poor children.

Mr. Mitchell, founder and editor of LIFE, died June 29th, 1918. In the anniversary week of his death LIFE's artists have contributed a fund in his memory which will establish at least five Fresh Air Endowments and

insure that, in perpetuity, each summer five children will be sent to the country for a fortnight's stay.

No more appropriate monument could be created for Mr. Mitchell, and in honoring his memory the artists have chosen a most suitable method of commemorating the regard in which they held him personally. It also testifies to the great advancement he gave to the American illustrator and the art of illustration in this country. The recognition is, however, less to what

Mr. Mitchell did, than to what he was to every artist who knew him. His relation to the men on LIFE was on a basis of mutual affection.

Following the example of the artists, the editors and employees of LIFE have established a Fresh Air Endowment in memory of Mr. Mitchell. To its creation every employee of LIFE contributed.

We have received from Mrs. Joshua S. Reynolds of El Paso, Texas, two hundred dollars in Fourth Liberty bonds to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 46

In Memory of MRS. SARAH M. REYNOLDS of Canton, Ohio.

From an anonymous source we have received two hundred dollars in Liberty bonds and \$4.04 in past-due coupons to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 47

In Memory of CHARLIE.

We have received from Emory W. Clark, Esq., of Detroit, Michigan, two hundred dollars in Liberty bonds to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 48

In the name of WILLIAM REEVE CLARK of Detroit, Michigan.

The John Ames Mitchell memorial fund of the contributing artists of LIFE has provided one thousand dollars in Liberty bonds to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENTS NOS. 49, 50, 51, 52, 53

In Memory of JOHN AMES MITCHELL, died June 29th, 1918.

The editors and employees of LIFE have provided two hundred dollars in Liberty bonds to establish

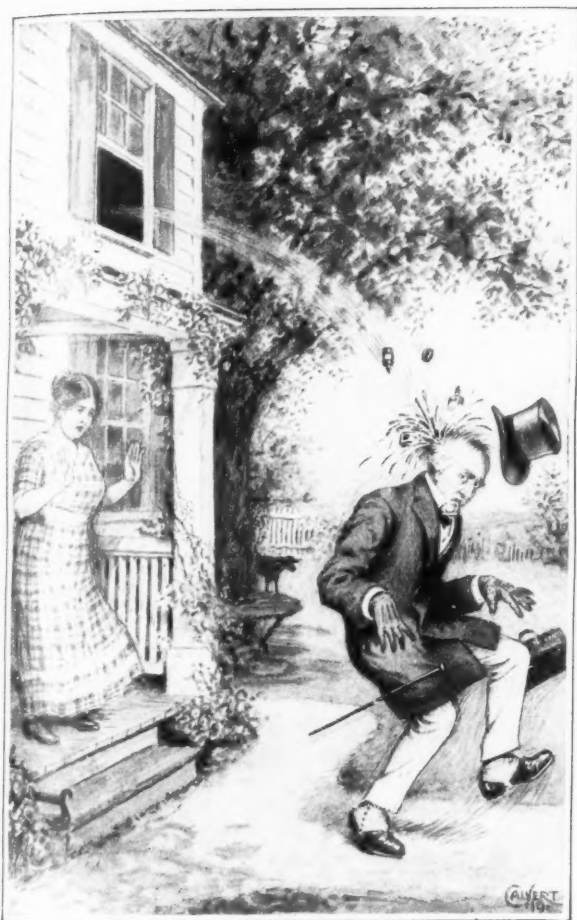
FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 54

In Memory of JOHN AMES MITCHELL, died June 29th, 1918.

To establish a Fresh Air Endowment two hundred dollars in Victory notes or Liberty Loan 4½-per-cent. bonds should be sent by registered mail to LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund, Inc., 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City.

The income from this amount provides that every summer, in perpetuity, a poor child will be sent from the slums of New York for a fortnight's stay in the fresh air of the country. This work has now been carried on for thirty-two years, in which time more than forty thousand children have gained health and happiness from it.

A Fresh Air Endowment may bear any designation its donor chooses.



AFTER HE THOUGHT THE DOCTOR HAD GONE, HE THREW THE MEDICINE OUT OF THE WINDOW

A Tragedy of the Future

I

JOHN REDINGOTE was newly married. He loved his wife dearly. He agreed to whatever she asked, and did as he agreed; whereas most well-bred husbands agree to whatever their wives ask, but don't keep their agreements.

But John Redingote did as he agreed. When his wife asked him to have a wireless telephone attached to his waistcoat so that she could talk to him whenever she wished, no matter where he might be, John readily agreed. He told himself that it would be wonderful to hear his darling wife's voice throughout the day. . . .

II

Several months passed by. John Redingote was hard at work in his office.

"Hello, dearie," said his wife's voice from the wireless telephone attachment on his vest. "You forgot to take that letter you were going to mail. If your shoes are damp, you must go out at once and get a pair of rubbers. The cook says she is going to leave to-morrow, and I don't know

what I *shall* do; for cousin Emmaline is coming over day after to-morrow to spend the day. We are going to the movies this afternoon. John, won't you stop at the meat market on the way home and speak to the butcher? He charged us seventy cents a pound for steak! Oh, John, what *shall* we do? Our bills are simply frightful! John, the kitchen stove smokes awfully. Couldn't you possibly get home during the afternoon and fix it? And, John, the dog has run away again. Won't you telephone the police station about it? And, John, please get some theatre tickets for. . . ."

The patrolman drew the body higher on the river bank. "Why," said he, "it's John Redingote! Whaddaya suppose that guy wanted to drown himself for when he had a young wife and everything?"

Shaking his head sadly, he went to the box on the corner and telephoned for an ambulance.

Kenneth L. Roberts.

A Republican Asset

THE Republican party is on the verge of receiving a violent and extremely painful blow. It is beginning to look as though Burleson, the justly celebrated Postmaster, were about to be sent back to private life with a bit of tinware attached to him as a token of the sentiments he inspires in everybody. If this actually occurs, a lot of good Americans may jump to the conclusion that the Democratic party really has a trace of good sense; and when the next elections come around, they may go so far as to vote for one or two Democrats. From a Republican standpoint, it is highly desirable that Burleson should be allowed to remain in the cabinet; because if he is, there won't be much of anybody who will vote for a Democrat.

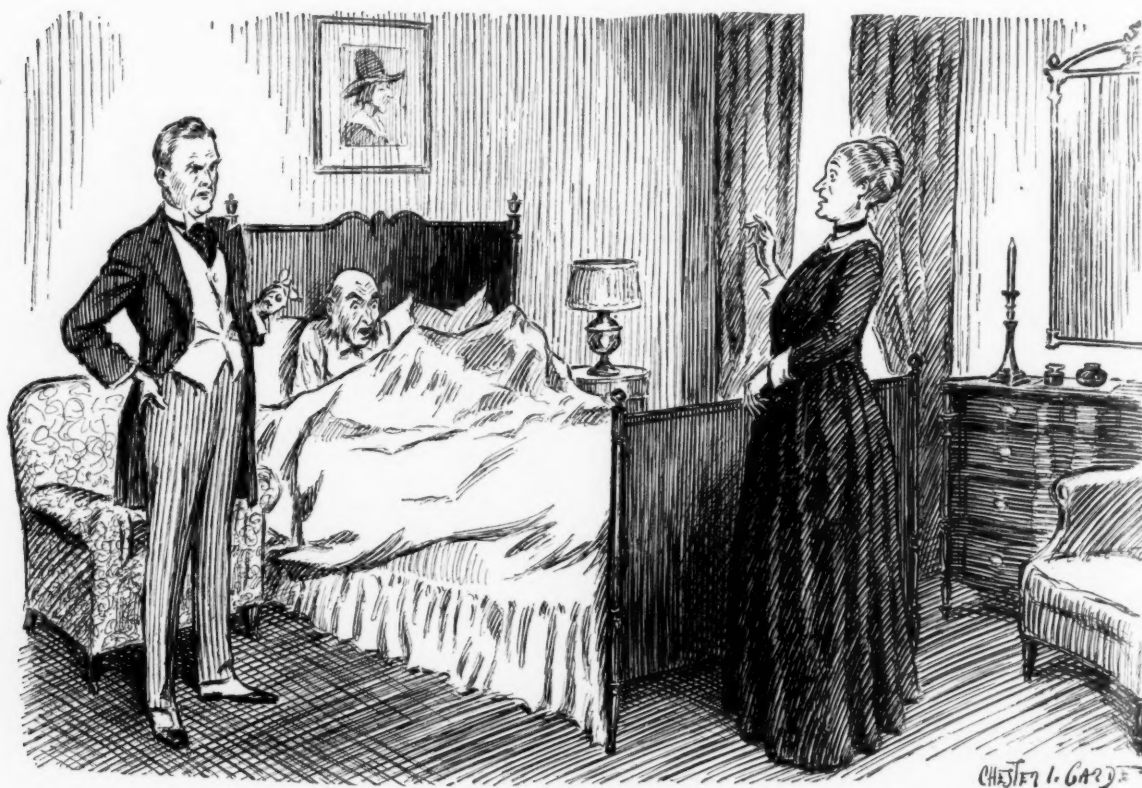
LAZARUS (to Dives): Really, old chap, I wouldn't insult you by offering you nothing but water.



"ALL FOR ONE AND ONE FOR ALL"



"And the last state of that man is worse than the first"



THE BOOMERANG

Doctor: I'M SORRY, MRS. KILLJOY, BUT THE ONLY THING THAT WILL SAVE YOUR HUSBAND'S LIFE IS WHISKY, AND DUE TO HIS EFFORTS IN BEHALF OF PROHIBITION, THERE ISN'T A DROP LEFT IN THIS STATE

A Garden Colloquy

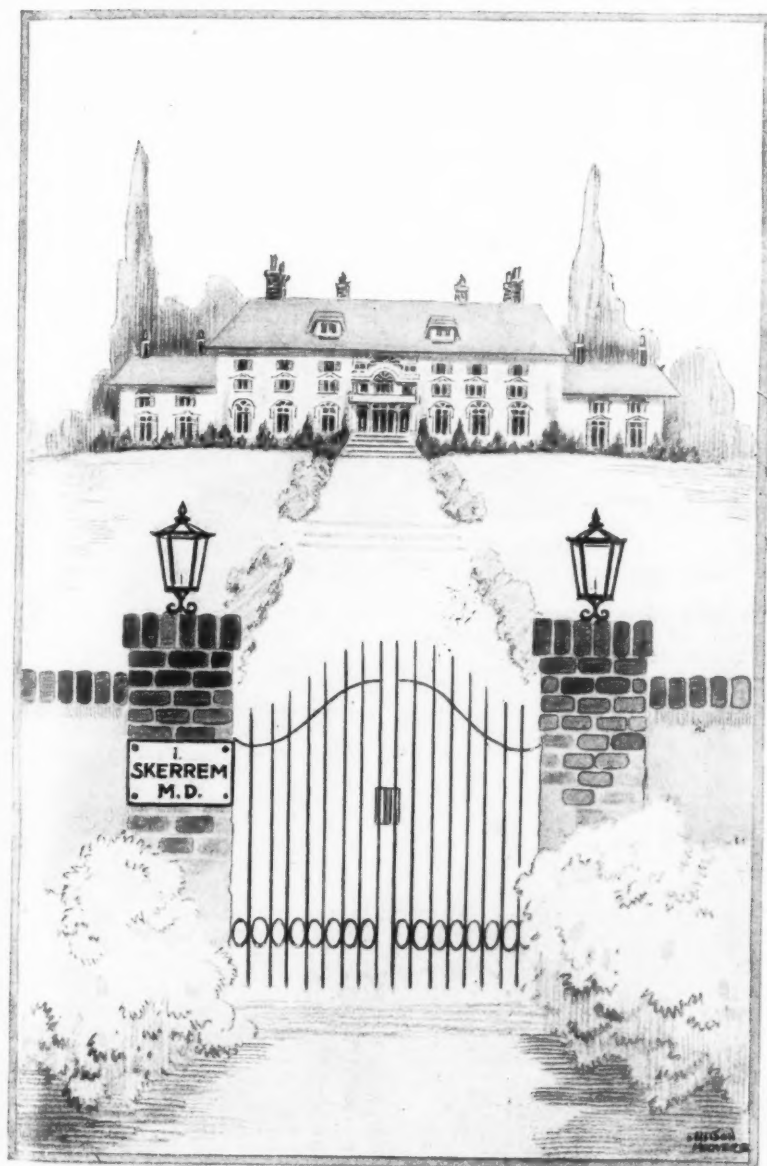
SAID the twilight wind to the rose,
As he paused in the garden gray:
"O rose of the June, you pass,
But I have an endless day."

"In the hush of the autumn night,
In the dark of the autumn dawn,
I come to your garden haunt
To find you forever gone."

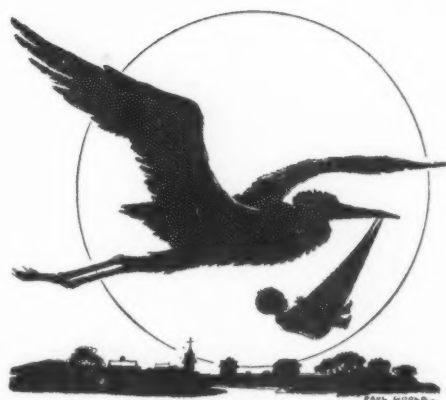
Said the rose to the twilight wind,
As he paused in the garden still:
"O wind of the hills, my day
Is the gift of a holy will."

"He gives unto each the same,
A measure of joy and grief;
And yours is the gift of years,
Mine of a summer brief!"

Arthur Wallace Peach.



THE HOUSE THAT APPENDICITIS BUILT



AVIATION — OLD STYLE

The Coming Day

ALLOW me to introduce myself.
My name is Day. I am the Day
that is left over.

Never heard of me? I will explain.
You see, it is now proposed by the
Equal Month Calendar Association to
have thirteen months in every year,
calling the extra month Liberty Month.

Mr. Joseph U. Barnes says that this
would be an immense help. All dates
and holidays would be fixed. Every
month would have twenty-eight days,
this making up three hundred and
sixty-four days. In leap year the day
that comes then will be sandwiched in.

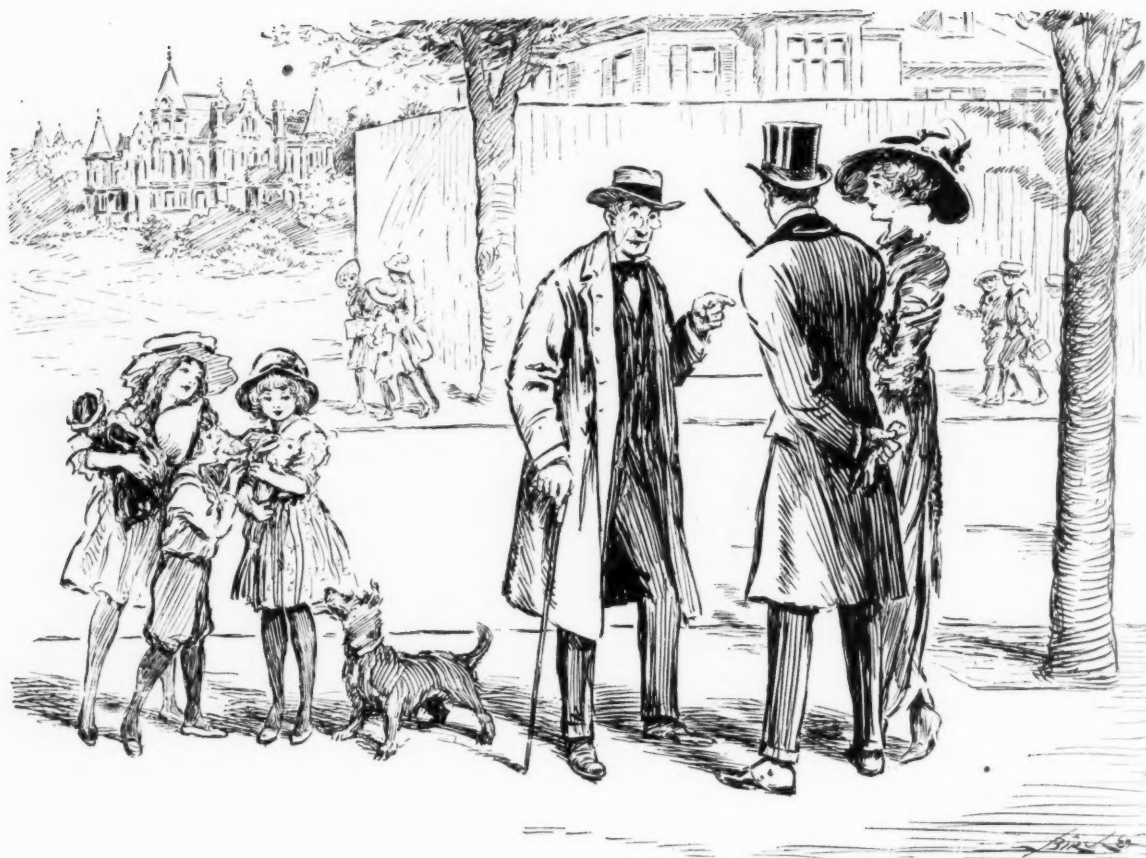
But I am the Day that is left over
each year. What are you going to do
about me?

Mr. Barnes says I can be called New
Year's Day, and can come in between
December 28th and January 1st. But
I ought to have something to say
about it.

A lot can happen in a day.

If I am to be set aside, I should like
to make a proposition to the rest of
the calendar.

Let me be a day when all the profiteers
will stop profiteering, clergymen and
congressmen will be silent, authors will
write, not for money, but for art;
dramatists will ignore the Jews, all the
movies will close, all scenery adver-
tisements will be taken down, women
will clothe themselves properly and
politics will adjourn. All husbands
can do then as they please. Strikers
will go back to work. Free-verse poets
will be shot every fifteen minutes.



Visitor: WHO CAUSED THAT UNSIGHTLY FENCE TO BE PUT UP IN THIS BEAUTIFUL NEIGHBORHOOD?

"OH, THAT IS THE HOME OF JOHN SWEETSINGER, THE FAMOUS PORTRAYER OF THE POETRY OF CHILD-LIFE, AUTHOR OF 'SONGS OF CHILDHOOD' AND 'PRATTLING VOICES AT TWILIGHT.' HE HAD THE FENCE BUILT TO KEEP OUT THE NEIGHBORS' CHILDREN."

The Coup de Grâce

THE Great Financier rose from his government-purchased swivel chair and looked over his force.

"Has every one's income been taxed?" he asked thunderously.

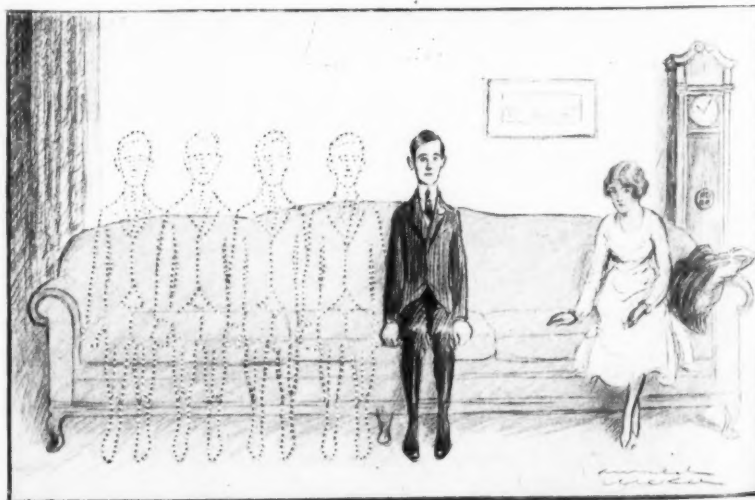
"All!" came the chorus.

"Has any necessity, luxury, sick-bed sweetmeat, any form of food, gasoline, magazine, hairpin, corkscrew, letter, cradle, coffin, editorial writer, professional humorist or public conveyance been overlooked?" he thundered.

"None!" came the chorus. "We have taxed everything out of sight!"

"Then put a tax of a thousand dollars a word on all who enter a protest!"

THE trouble with Walt Whitman's influence on literature is that he started so many idiots writing free verse.



PROGRESS

Drinks

IT is argued against Prohibition that it will cause a loss of revenue, which will have to be made up by direct taxes. That has already happened in New York State, where a state income tax has been arranged for.

It is also argued that the present law is undemocratic, because persons who have the use of enough money can lay in lush enough to keep them comfortably moist for years to come, whereas more indigent persons will not be able to buttress themselves in that fashion against the dry period.

Either of these reasons, or any other, is acceptable to most persons who want to beat Prohibition, but neither of them is good. If rum is so inordinately harmful as the more fanatical Prohibitionists insist, it should no more be sold than opium, and the fact that it can be made to produce revenue is an utterly insufficient palliation of it. Taxing the rum traffic has always cost in morality more than it was worth in revenue, and always will. It is much better—indeed, it is essential—

to keep revenue, with attending corruption, out of the rum problem.

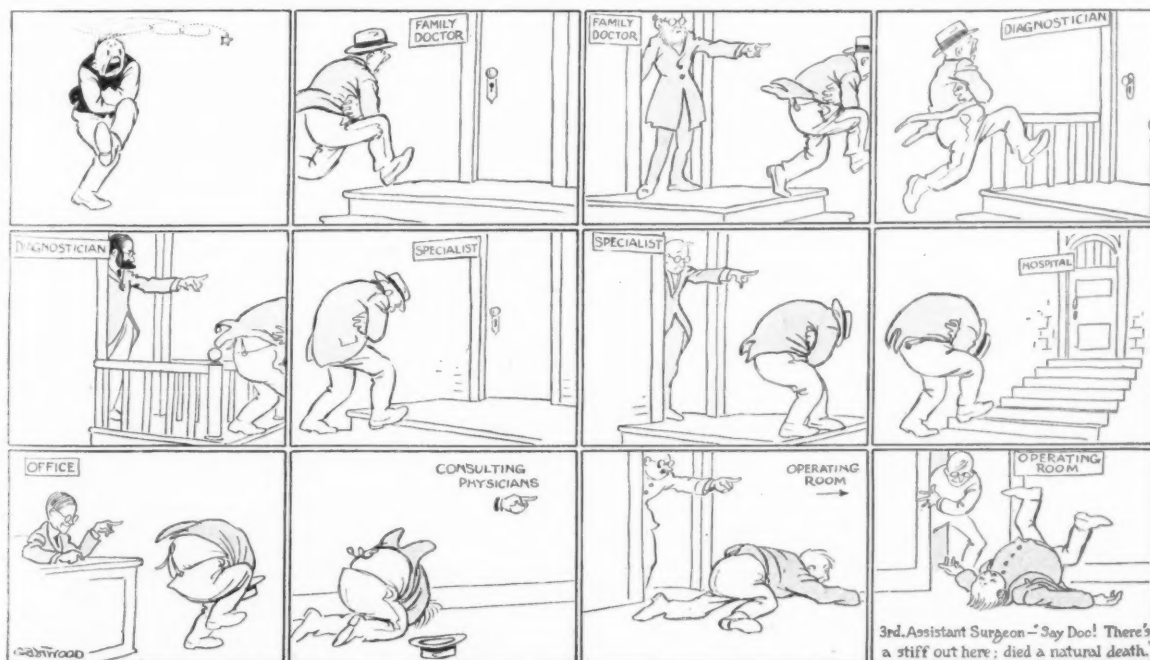
And if Prohibition is a benefit, the fact that people with money can avoid it if they choose, need not worry anyone but the people with money. If they will not accept a good thing, so much the worse for them, but as an argument against Prohibition it is a mere bagatelle.

The great charge against Prohibition is that it goes too far, carries to excess a cause considerably good, and in the end will do harm by inviting reaction. To break the clutch of the liquor traffic on the public is not bad at all. It is good. To substitute for the American saloon, as we know it, some better place of entertainment is desirable. But to shut out all forms and degrees of intoxicants from human life is thought by moderates to be both undesirable and impossible. They would keep the milder drinks and control their distribution.

But while we shudder at impending Prohibition and say it is too much, wails come over from England because the war restraints on drink are petering out, and Great Britain is lapsing

back into its pre-war condition of over-indulgence. In the June *Atlantic* there is an article about it, to effect that the brewers and distillers are getting a free hand again and making lots of money, and that the government has lost its nerve about restraining them. The author, "A British Liberal," sees no prospect of Prohibition in England, though war-time control may be continued, and may be helped by the women's votes. He sees "not the slightest prospect of a reform movement in Ireland, where there are more saloons to the population than in any country in the world," but says there is a chance in Scotland when the Scottish Temperance Act, which hands over the future of the liquor traffic to the people, becomes operative next year. He thinks it possible that Scotland may turn to Prohibition, and make "Scotch" for export only.

The "rum" question is a very great question. There is likely to be much more than the usual amount of experiment with it, both here and in Europe, during the next five years. Here in New York the Salvation Army is buying saloons about to become extinct,



MOVIE OF A MAN WITH A PAIN



HONORS ARE EVEN

and transforming them, with all their fixtures retained, into temperance dives. There is more in soft drinks, from *can sucrée* up, than hard drinkers realize, and tea is a wonderful drink



WHAT TO DO BEFORE THE DOCTOR COMES

that, under fair conditions, can put up a powerful fight as a substitute for the six-o'clock cocktail. The world has always had wine, but it has not always had tea and coffee, and has only lately had them in abundance. They are more important to the population of this country than all the alcoholic drinks put together.

This world may go considerably dry, or it may remain considerably wet, but in Europe at least every nation has got to put its best foot forward if it is going to survive, and anything in the nature of a shackle around that best foot's ankle is liable to be shed.

E. S. M.

CONGRESS could do some notable work if it wasn't for the farmers' vote, the Irish vote, the women's vote, the Prohibitionist vote and the workingman's vote.

Making People Hate You

ARE you getting too popular? Is your personality growing more winning? If so, consult us.

For an initial deposit of five dollars, and thereafter two dollars a week, in six weeks you can become universally disliked. You will then have time enough to make an enormous success. No one will call you up over the phone. Your friends will drop you. You will be left alone. The energy thus released will work for you. Why be loved, when to be hated means all the way from ten to fifty thousand a year?

BRIGGS: I see the anarchist who blew up part of the Attorney-General's house was killed because he stumbled and fell.

GRIGGS: Yes; that's the trouble with them—they haven't learned how to enter a gentleman's house.

A Memory

HOW well I remember our childhood's diseases,

As old recollections present them to view;

The fever and ague, the colds and the sneezes,

The mumps and the measles and chicken-pox, too.

The remedies mother administered quickly—

The syrup of squills, ipecac, calomel;
And then, if next morning we still appeared sickly,

She called in the doctor, who made us get well.

The old-fashioned doctor,
The family doctor,
The white-whiskered doctor
Who made us get well.

His eyebrows were bushy, his forehead was wrinkled,

His manner was hearty, his voice deep and gruff;

And through his big glasses his little eyes twinkled,

As he gave us a dose of some vile-tasting stuff.

He felt of our pulse, and he said, "Stick your tongue out!"

He told us to stay home from school for a spell;

Then, "I'll see you to-morrow. Good morning," he flung out,

That old-fashioned doctor who made us get well.

The old-fashioned doctor,
The family doctor,
The white-whiskered doctor
Who made us get well.

But now we have specialized diagnosticians,

Who take our blood pressure and temperature;

They're highly efficient, these modern physicians,

And yet they don't always accomplish a cure.

X-rays and vaccine they are awfully strong for;

They pull all our teeth, and we dare not rebel;

And they drag our case on till we secretly long for

The old-fashioned doctor who made us get well.



YESTERDAY THE KIND-HEARTED DOCTOR MADE WILLIE JONES A KITE AND ASKED WILLIE NOT TO TELL THE OTHER BOYS

The old-fashioned doctor,
The family doctor,
The white-whiskered doctor
Who made us get well.

Carolyn Wells.

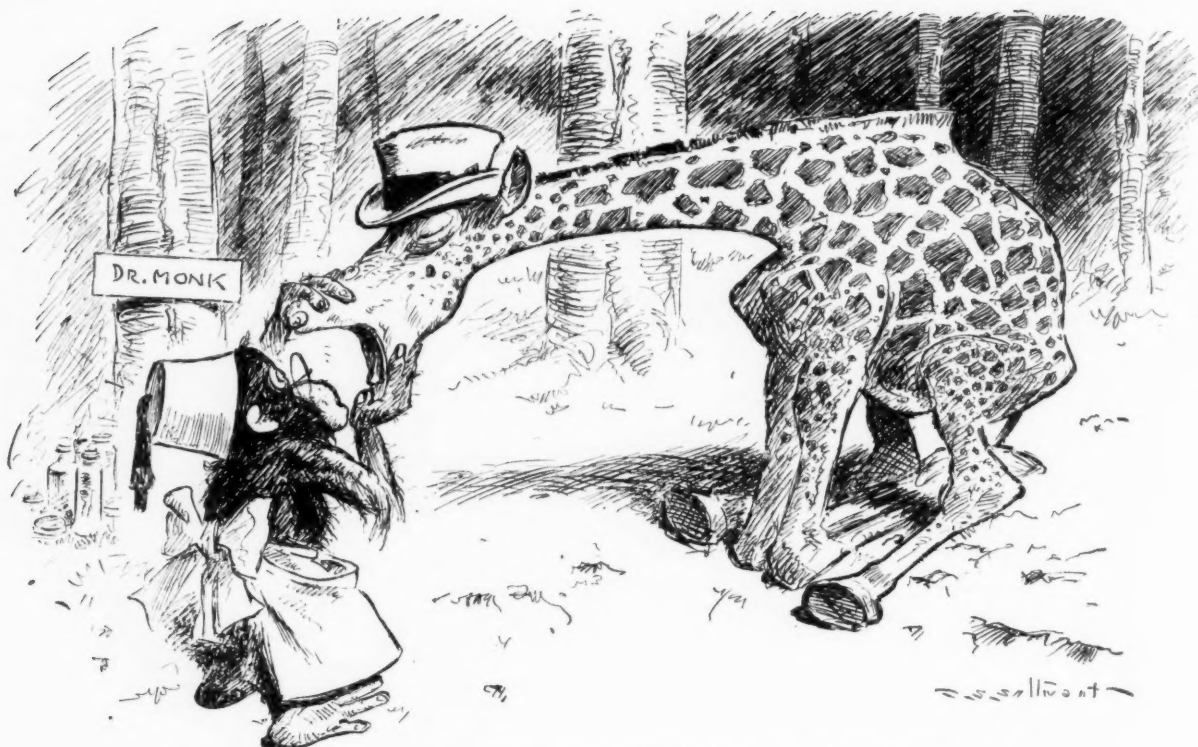
DON'T hurl defiance unless your aim is good.

FIRST WORKMAN: Yes, the corporation has offered to give us one-half the profits for the coming year, in addition to our wages.

SECOND WORKMAN: Well, tell 'em whin they offer us all ov the profits we'll consider it.



"YOU'LL HAVE TO SEND FOR THE DOCTOR, CORA; I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME. AND HIDE THOSE CAKES AND CANDIES BEFORE HE COMES. HE FORBID ME TO EAT THEM."



"YES, YOUR THROAT IS QUITE INFLAMED. PUT A BANDAGE ON IT BEFORE GOING TO BED. A PAIR OF SPIRAL PUTTEES WILL BE JUST THE THING"

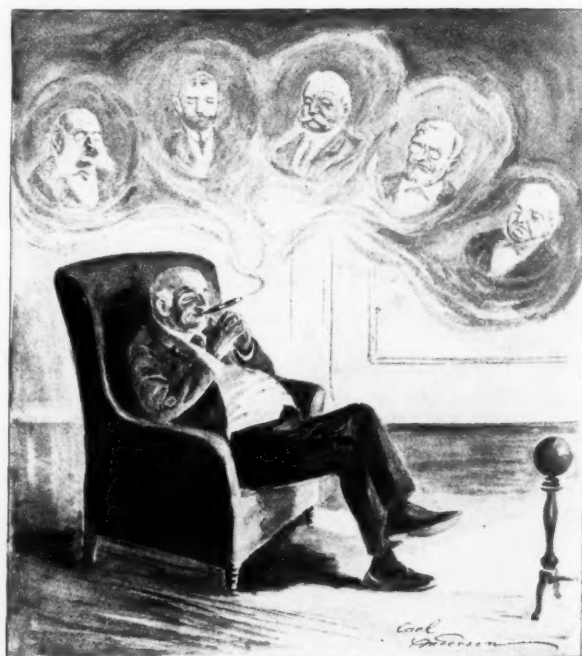
News from an Approaching Era

PHILADELPHIA, June 23, 1939.—A catastrophe was narrowly averted to-day at the launching of the battleship Alaska when Miss May Snowdon, daughter of the governor of Alaska, attempted to christen the giant sea-fortress as she glided down the ways.

In accordance with time-honored custom, the battleship was to be christened with a large spoonful of strawberry, vanilla and blueberry ice-cream, typifying the red, white and blue of the national colors.

When the last chocks were knocked away and the mighty war-craft started to move, Miss Snowdon screamed, "I christen thee Alaska," and swung the spoonful of ice-cream at the vessel's prow. She missed, however, and the force with which the spoon was moving carried it around and deposited large quantities of ice-cream in the faces of Secretary of the Navy Drinkwater, Admiral Bonedry and Commander Ginless. Blinded by the ice-cream, they were helpless.

At this juncture Charles Strongheart, a spectator, who later confessed to having had a nip of homemade black-berry brandy before coming to the launching, leaped to the platform, seized the solid gold ice-cream freezer and threw it after the slowly-moving battleship. His aim was sure, and the freezer struck squarely against the vessel's stem, spilling ice, rock salt and harlequin ice-cream over it. Thus the Alaska was spared the evil fortune of not having been properly christened.



HIS DEFUNCT MEDICAL ADVISERS WHO PREDICTED THAT SMOKING WOULD SHORTEN HIS LIFE



"THAT'S MRS. SHORT WHO IS UP FOR MEMBERSHIP IN THE CLUB AND MRS. TALLMAN WHO IS GOING TO BLACKBALL HER"

The Scheme

THE head Anarch moved uneasily in his chair.

"To reduce the world to chaos," he muttered, "is not so easy as one might have supposed, considering that we had Germany back of us. The trouble is with America, and America has too many bath-tubs. If we can stop them from taking baths, it will be the beginning of the end. Congress will do the rest."

"But even congressmen bathe," suggested the private secretary. "There seems to be something in the climate that makes them do it."

"We must look to American labor."

"But American labor bathes."

"There is then but one thing to do; buy up all the bath-tubs in America through our secret agents, and dump them into the ocean."

"Ah, but you forget that no sooner is this done, than the Americans will build another lot and install them."

The head Anarch smiled a crafty smile.

"You do not know my resources. The solution is easy. Look up the men in the American war department who had charge of the airplanes, and tell them to furnish the new bath-tubs. By the time they get started a new generation will come and we shall be the glorious victors."

THE BALD ONE: Have you anything that will grow hair?

THE TONSORIALIST: My baby. He will, eventually.



OVERBOARD



AS YOU ARE.

AS YOU FEEL WHEN THE INSURANCE DOCTOR HAS COMPLETED HIS EXAMINATION,

AND WHEN THEY FINALLY GIVE YOU THE POLICY AFTER ALL.

To a Common Person

DEAR SIR: I trust that you will pardon this inquiry. But I am curious to know if you have ever thought about yourself? Have you ever honestly considered of what use you are? Your name is legion, but for what purpose do you exist? Have you ever had an original thought? Have you ever contributed anything to the usefulness of humanity? Are your notions of beauty or art or literature worth while? Consider for a moment what you have already consumed. Since the day of your birth, the food you have eaten would provide for a small army. In your youth many people toiled over you, and now look at yourself. Every thought that you have is borrowed from some one else. How many things can you do that are not concerned with providing yourself with the means to exist? What difference would it make if you were not here?

Trusting that you may possibly get some vague glimmering of my motive in writing this, I am,

Yours very truly,

THE FUTURE



"AND THEY THINK THEY ARE BUYING OIL"

Human Nature

WHEN Yankee soldiers were in France
They often talked of "home,"
Of how they longed for just a glance
Of New Orleans or Nome!

Now Yankee soldiers have returned,
They never miss a chance
Of telling of the things they learned
In "dear old muddy France!"

Harold Seton.

The Game of Placate

THE game of placating Germany is
still going on.

Terms are first handed her on a
platter. She then emits a series of
squeals.

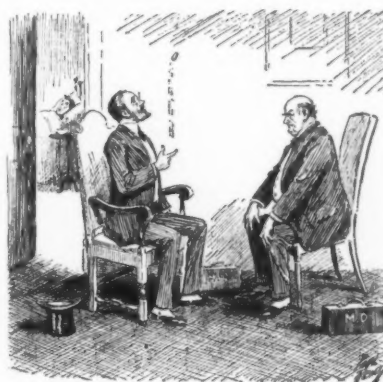
The terms are then readjusted. More
squeals. Somebody suggests that, in
the circumstances, President Wilson
may have made a mistake. Howls from

the American side, accompanied by
that stirring national air, "The King
Can Do No Wrong."

Lloyd George is then interviewed, and
says that everything is all right. King
George appears at seven receptions.
Colonel House remarks that the
weather is much better than he looked
for it to be day before yesterday.
Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau declares
that the business of invading America
has been postponed for three weeks
more. They are putting ice bags on
Borah and Lodge.

Meanwhile such trivial matter as to
how the every-day, decent, child-raising,
home-bearing men and women of
every race shall keep their heads above
water, or whether the Bolsheviki shall
make a clean sweep—these can wait
the pleasure of the high rulers, otherwise
known as the Big Four.

WHAT'S become of Billy Sunday?
We never hear of him any more."
"Perhaps he's joined some church."



THE CONSULTATION

"NOW, REMEMBER—HEADS, IT'S RHEU-
MATISM; TAILS, IT'S TYPHOID FEVER"



JUNE 26
1919

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. 73
No. 1913

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

ANDREW MILLER, President and Treasurer

JAMES S. METCALFE, Secretary

17 West Thirty-first Street, New York

English Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.



CAPTAIN JACK
ALCOCK and
Lieutenant Arthur
Brown, Britishmen
both, were
headliners
on June 16th

in all the papers in consideration of their sixteen-hour hop in an airplane from St. Johns, Newfoundland, to Clifden, Ireland. It is 1,932 miles, and they did it in 16 hours 12 minutes, working two consecutive eight-hour tours with something over for good measure. They did not enjoy the trip, as the weather was inclement but going their way, and their wireless blew out of gear, so they got no outside talk in transit.

If these adventures continue, Newfoundland will get a permanent and rememberable place on the map as a way-station on the road to Europe, and may possibly be induced at last to put improvements into her climate.

Of course, the way to do this feat is the way these adventurers did it, and the way that Hawker tried to do it, but done so it is a very gambling transaction. But for the war and the immense and costly stimulation of manflight, it would not have been done so soon. Now that it is in the record, the road opens up to such aerial communication with Europe as is pictured in Kipling's story of the Night Mail, and New York to Liverpool in twenty-four hours looks feasible, and may be accomplished any time, though people who suppose that the going is good in the air are mistaken. Alcock says it is not good at all, but gusty, sleety and objectionable.

There is other local news. Mexicans — Villistas and Carranzaists —

fought around Juarez, and shot across the river into El Paso and killed people there, until, with the consent of Mr. Baker, General Erwin went over with some troops and shooed the Villistas off, killing fifty, so that El Paso could continue to get her normal rest. If this fit of energy betokens some decay of patience with Mexican disorders, it won't hurt anything.



NOW that Europe is only sixteen hours away and getting nearer all the time, it is more than ever in order to try and save the remnants of her. The rewritten Peace Treaty, with the latest modifications, has gone back to the Germans, and it should be known by the time these lines reach readers, whether German representatives can be found who will sign it. No German politician wants to put his name to it even now. Nevertheless, the objections to not signing it are so grave that signers for it seem likely to be found, and are expected to transpire by June 23rd. Immediately it is signed, Mr. Wilson, who at this writing has gone to Belgium, will start for home, and it is announced that he intends to go on the circuit and invite the people of the United States to use their influence to get the Treaty accepted here. That will mean a lively discussion, and a political show-down of the first order, in which the course of the country in next year's presidential campaign is likely to be foreshadowed. Until a treaty is signed, this will con-

tinue to be a chaotic world with the remedies for its distresses impeded in their application and co-operative action frustrated. What the effect of that would be on Europe cannot be forecast in detail, but no one can anticipate it without the gravest forebodings. Europe has pretty well spent her strength to win the war. When Mr. Vanderlip says she is on the brink of revolution, he discloses an opinion for which there is ample backing. She cannot drift; she cannot flounder. She needs co-operative effort at home and organized help from us, and lots of it. That cannot come until peace comes. If Germany blocks the peace by refusal to sign the Treaty, that is part of the war, and can be dealt with somehow for better or worse. But if the United States Senate blocks it, that is a different matter, and there will be a very thorough discussion of things before it happens. People who have expected to rest and play this summer will have to revise their plans. Until the Treaty is signed and the Senate accepts it, the war will not be over. There was a British opinion that one used to hear in 1915, that the first five years of the war would be the worst. They expire now in five or six weeks. Let us hope they include the worst of the war, but it is not certain that they do. We are not out of the woods yet. If we went into the war because we could not leave Europe to be destroyed, we must go into the peace for the same reason. We have not come to any here-I-get-off place yet. If it is going to prejudice our safety, our comfort, our material, political or spiritual welfare to have Europe go to hell (as the theologians would say), we had better get in and prevent it. For without us that seems likely to happen.



THE United States is still a good deal short of perfect wisdom, but it is no fool. The American people is rather a mixed quantity—though much better blended than it was—but it is no fool. If Mr. Wilson goes out on the stump and asks the American people what it shall profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul, he will get an answer. He will



"SOME PEOPLE THINK I SHOULD HAVE STAYED T'HUM"

Speak to people who will understand him. Knox of Pennsylvania may not understand. Borah of Idaho may not understand, and perhaps not Lodge of Massachusetts! Stars above! But the people Mr. Wilson talks to will understand him. If he tells them the world is not saved yet and still looks to us for succor, they will believe him. If he tells them that the Treaty and the League rest and must rest very largely on faith, a good many of them will understand him. Mr. Knox will not. Mr. Borah will not. Mr. Lodge will not wish to. George Wharton Pepper and his League for the Preservation of American Independence will make derisive noises on rival platforms and

talk about the Constitution. But Mr. Wilson will have many understanding hearers, and the Senate will hear from them. His message to the people will be "Give!" Knox and Borah and Lodge and Pepper will say to them, "Hang on to what you've got!" Well, now, brethren, which cry, do you think, will win?

The great nation that put its hand to the plough is not likely to turn back at any cry from quitters. As yet, comparatively few people have more than the most superficial knowledge of what is in the Peace Treaty, and why, and what is the true inwardness of the League of Nations. They have not followed these documents closely in the making, preferring to leave the job

to its lawful artificers until it was completed. When they have been told that it abolished the Monroe Doctrine, took from them the right to control immigration and made them the cat's-paw of Europe, they have considered these assertions with incredulity, to be sure, but without agitation and with very little noise. But when Mr. Wilson goes on the stump to tell them the whys and wherefores of the Treaty, they will pay attention and make up their minds, and what they decide will be done.

In the long run it is always done. The Supreme Court does it, in time; the Senate also.



IT is curious—how like in temper the objections to the League of Nations are to the objections to the Constitution. The men who had no faith saw little in the Constitution except fatalities. So now minds of the same sort see the League of Nations covenant charged with ruin to the United States.

Mr. Pepper's League for Preservation of American Independence is rather pitiful in its timidities as set forth in its Twelve Reasons to Beat the League of Nations. If you have no faith, gentlemen, conjure up some nerve. Current affairs cannot be settled without some gamble. People who "never took a chance in their lives" are not useful in contemporary discussions. World navigation has passed the point where there is safety any longer in hugging the shore, and it behooves the United States, of all nations, to get her bearings and strike for the open sea.

The work ahead is very big. It is much more than mere material rehabilitation, though that branch of it is enormous and essential. It is spiritual and political rehabilitation also. It is a job of bringing the nations and the people who compose them to such harmony of aspiration and acceptance of political truth that they will work in harness to save the world. But they must work as voluntary units, self-governing, protected in independence, and protecting the independence of their fellows.

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Some of the disadvantages of being



sadvantage of being a guest of honor

Come Over, Duke!

THE Grand Duke Nicholas Nicolaivitch, formerly of Russia, was recently reported as having taken up his residence in Rome, where he bought a cravat for thirty cents, and remarked to the clerk that he was very poor, and it was the first thing he had bought in three years.

This gentleman is wasting his time in Rome. He ought to come to America at once.

He can get free board and lavish entertainment as a social light at Newport, and they will let him win enough at bridge to buy twelve-dollar cravats on Fifth Avenue.

He can become a head waiter in New York and be a Wall Street magnate on the side.

He can write for the Hearst papers and sleep in three Rolls-Royces every night.

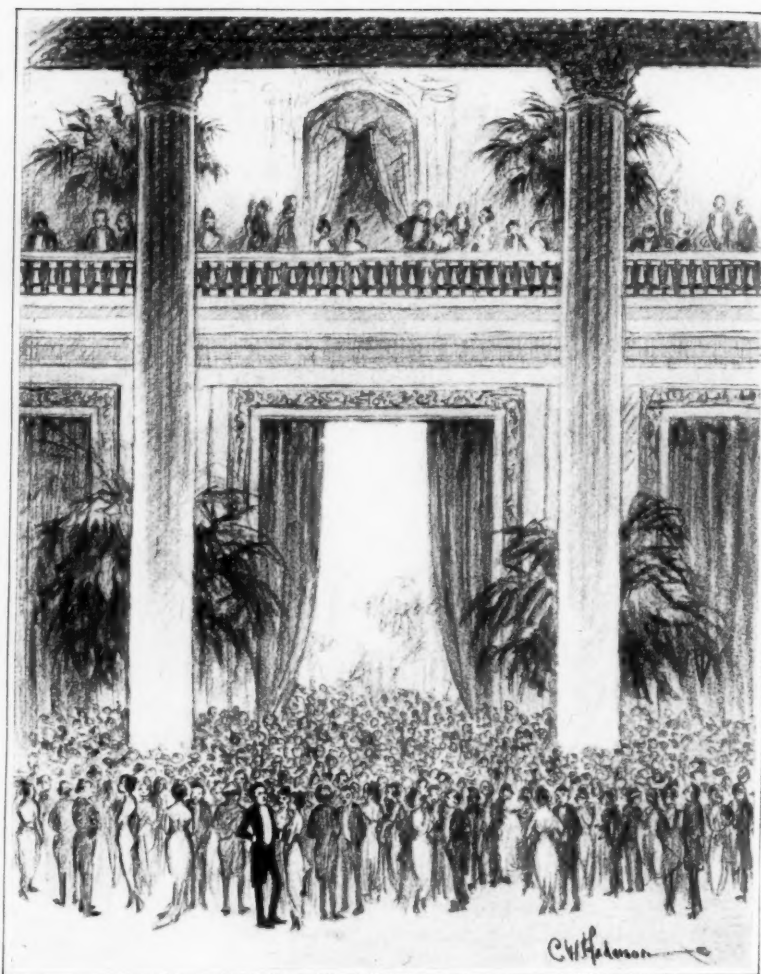
He can sell oil stocks on the curb and lead all kinds of a double life.

If he is not actually particular about what he does, and is willing to say good-by to morals and character, he can get a good job on the Chautauqua circle, or as a popular evangelist.

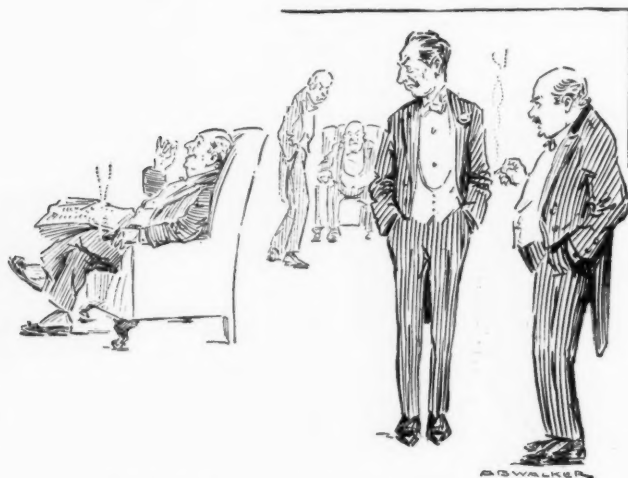
Why waste time in Rome buying thirty-cent ties?

FIRST U. S. SENATOR: Have you heard the latest news about the treaty?

SECOND U. S. SENATOR: No. I haven't had a chance to leave the Senate lately.



ME



"OH! THAT'S OLD JONES, THE CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.
HE THINKS HE'S HAVING A DRINK."

A Letter of Protest

DEAR EUROPE: We regret to advise you that your continued agitation is causing us an unconscionable amount of mental pain and financial harm. Until you become stable and divide yourself into permanent parts, we cannot turn out our products in complete form; and unless we do turn them out in such form, we cannot sell them. Of course, the signing of the peace pact was a mighty big help to us, but it was only a partial help, and if you do not come to our rescue we must remain sitting with folded hands and draining purses. Topographically and geographically considered, we are up against it unless you stop boiling.

Will you not, therefore, taking pity on us in our plight, settle your differences? We sincerely hope you will.

Appealingly,

THE INTERNATIONAL MANUFACTURERS OF MAPS OF EUROPE.

THERE'S many a slip between the Amendment and the lip.



THE NIGHT AFTER THE PARTY

The French Babies

LIFE has received for the relief of the French war orphans, in all, \$342,175.44, from which we have remitted to Paris 1,928,555.50 francs.

We gratefully acknowledge from

Lillian Williams Hayes, West Point, Ga., for Baby No. 3725... \$73
Margaret Sidway, Marion Spaulding, Josephine Plumb, Kate Louise Mitchell, Susi Albright, Lucy Mills, Adelaide Noble, Susan Adsit, Louise Stadlinger, Clara Kingdon, Elenore Richmond, Frances Mills, Theresa Gratwick and Penelope Crane of the French Orphan Association of Franklin School, Buffalo, N. Y., for Babies Nos. 3709 to 3713, inclusive.... 365

RENEWALS: H. P. A., Framingham, Mass., \$6; Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Hillard, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., \$146; Mrs. John G. Clemson, Portland, Ore., \$73; Chas. E. Bennett, Ithaca, N. Y., \$36.50; "In Statu Quo Club," Lynn, Mass., \$36.50; Hollister and Malcolm Smith, Oakland, Cal., \$10; Sergeant D. J. Van Marle, A. E. F., \$73; East Side Commercial and Manual Training High School, Newark, N. J., \$73; Brett, Alice and Charles Sine, Calgary, Alberta, Canada, \$73.

PAYMENTS ON ACCOUNT: Harry D. Breene, Iowa City, Iowa, \$10; Grace Peterson, Akron, Ohio, \$36.50; Frank S. Johnston, Charleston, S. C., \$10; Mrs. R. H. Boyd, Seattle, Wash., \$5; The Eighth Grade Club, Carlsbad, New Mexico, \$12; The Lakeshore Union Society, Avon Lake, Ohio, \$14.50; Harry G. Bickley, Williamsburg, Pa., \$3.

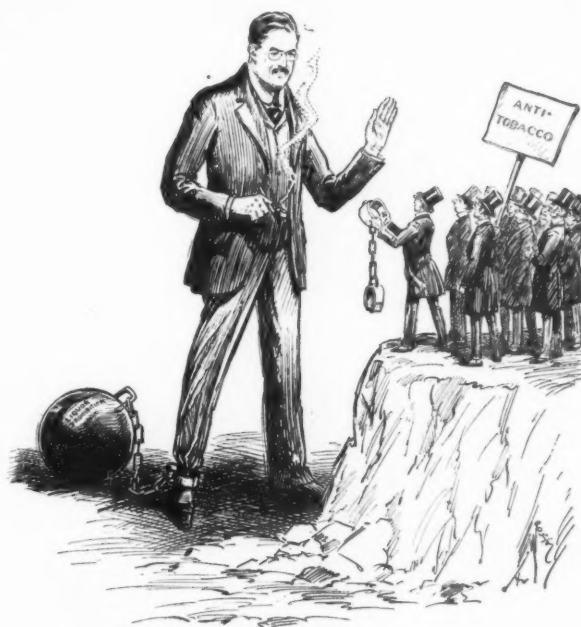
BABY NUMBER 3724

Already acknowledged	\$36.41
John R. Middleton, West Medford, Mass.....	8
	\$44.41

Better and Better

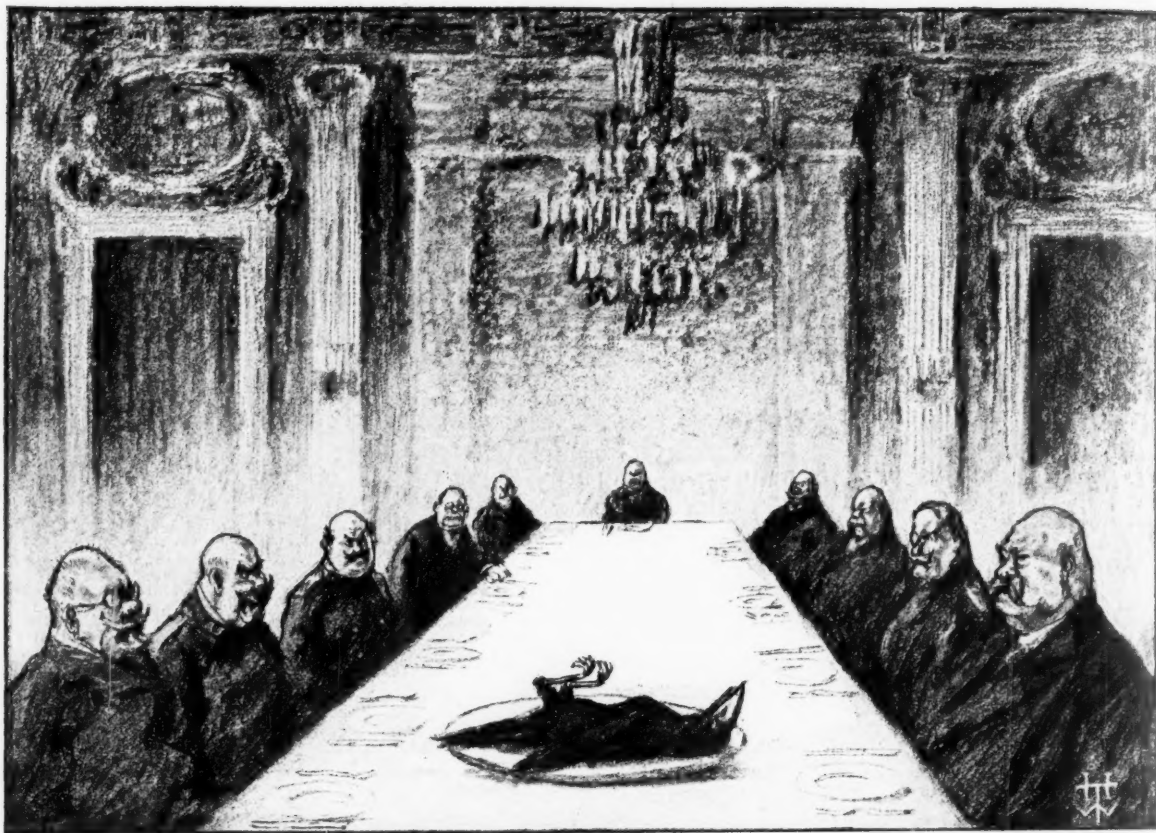
PATIENT (*after operation*): Doctor, they say you are getting better and better on these appendix operations every day!

DOCTOR: That's a fact. The man I operated on yesterday lived twelve hours, and I'm in hopes you'll live twice as long, if you don't worry!



WHEN HE GETS HIS COURAGE BACK

American Citizen: DO YOU LILLIPUTIANS IMAGINE YOU CAN KEEP THESE SHACKLES ON ME?



NOT THE DINNER THEY EXPECTED TO EAT IN PARIS

Behold the Congressman!

THE Congressman delights in talk; his words issue forth, and no man can say him nay.

And the fury of his vocabulary is likewise vented upon the *Congressional Record*, which no one reads, but which yet is printed.

He delights also in the spending of money, which others give freely that he may do so. And of this there is no end.

He began as a lawyer, he talks as a lawyer, he continues as a lawyer, and there is no health in him.

Deliver us, O Lord, from such an one; keep his ways in silence, and remove from him his power in the assemblage.

So may we wax greater, and thereby earn enough to live upon.

For we are cast in debt, and our taxes groan upon our heads.

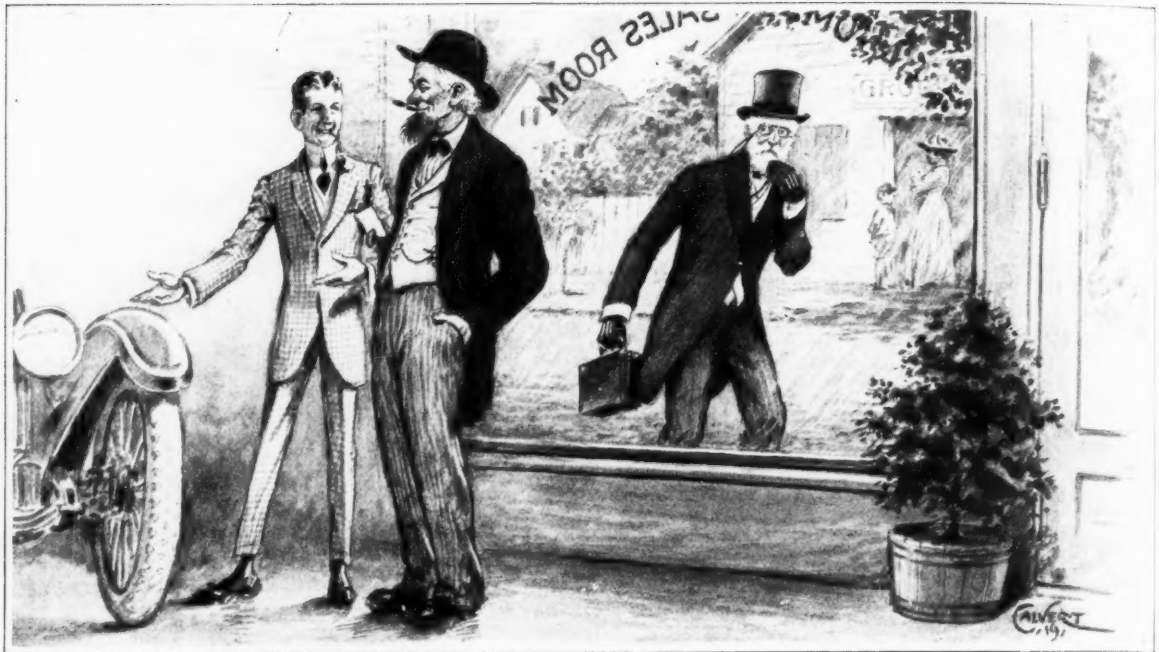
Oh, let the Congressman be sand-bagged that all the land may rejoice.



"UNCLE GEORGE, DID YOU EVER GO TO AN OSTEOPATH?"
 "YES, BUT NEVER AGAIN. AFTER HE'D BEEN MANIPULATING MY BONES FOR TWO MINUTES I FELT LIKE A SHAD."



BEETLEBURG HOLDS ITS ANNUAL CIRCUS PARADE



WHY THE DOCTOR HAD A FEELING HE SHOULD MAKE AN EFFORT TO COLLECT THAT BILL

Rabbi Nowak Goes Astray

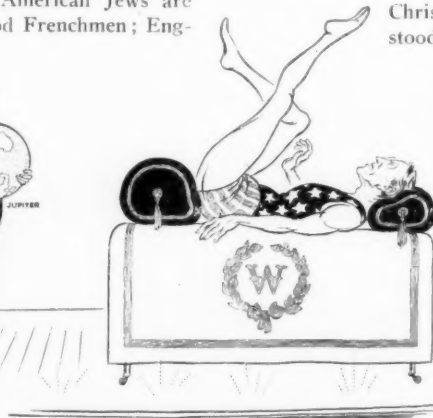
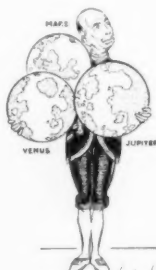
Rabbi Nowak, at Temple Ohabei Shalom, Union Park Street, preaching on "Americanism vs. Bolshevism," said no Jew could also be a Bolshevist. He said that Bolshevist doctrines are a direct contradiction of all that Judaism has stood for for two thousand years.—*The Boston Post.*

MUCH twaddle has been emitted to the effect that the Russian people have expressed their wills in Bolshevism. If Bolshevist leaders show whose will is being expressed, Bolshevism is an expression of the wills of the Russian Jews. And the Russian Jew of Bolshevism is a different breed of Jew from those with which the other nations of the world are familiar. American Jews are good Americans; French Jews are good Frenchmen; English Jews are good Englishmen, but the Bolshevist Russian Jew is no good at all. He is a creature by himself. He is not a Russian, certainly; and so far as Americans who have seen him can discover, he is nothing but a person who wants whatever he can grab, regardless of how he grabs it or whom he damages by his grabbing. Lenin is a Russian nobleman; but his chiefs and his advisers and his co-workers are Russian

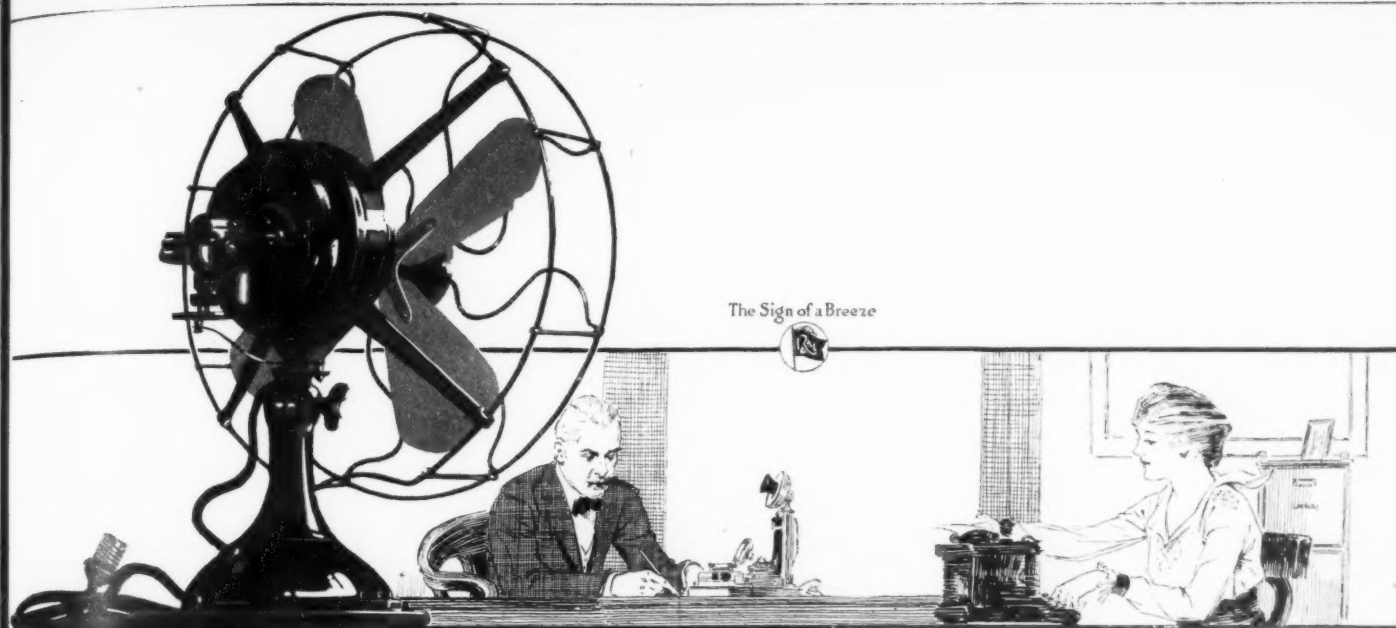
Jews. In the early days of Bolshevism, the movement was directed by an executive committee composed of thirteen members. Twelve of the thirteen were Russian Jews masquerading in Russian names. Bronstein, for example, had become Trotzky, and Apfelbaum had become Zinoviev.

When Rabbi Nowak says that no Jew can also be a Bolshevist, he is probably speaking for the good Jews of America and other civilized nations. His words are fair enough; for Bolshevist doctrines are a direct contradiction of all that Judaism has stood for for two thousand years; and they are also a direct contradiction of all that Christianity and Law and Decency have stood for through all the years that such things have existed. If the greatest divines in America should go into Bolshevist Russia and say that no

Christian could be a Bolshevist, the Bolsheviks who used to be Christians would torture them and mangle them and crucify them and kill them with many a boisterous laugh; and if Rabbi Nowak followed in their footsteps with his statement about no Jew being a Bolshevist, the Russian-Jew Bolshevist leaders would burst into hilarious guffaws and have him chopped into mincemeat by the Red Guard. K. L. R.



THE TOP-LINER



Judge a Fan By Its Motor

The breeze starts with the motor. That's the big thing to remember when buying a fan.

Of equal importance is the name of the maker. If the name is Robbins & Myers then you *know* that your electric fan is built throughout by a maker of motors.

Fan durability is a matter of motor excellence. A fan should last a lifetime—and it will if the motor is right.

So, for utmost comfort and economy, look for the R&M flag on the guard, a guarantee of the motor back of the blades.

An R&M Fan is a friend for years, for every Robbins & Myers Fan is warranted as to workmanship, performance and durability.

All sizes and styles: ceiling, desk, wall, oscillating, non-oscillating, ventilating; for home, office, factory; for operation on direct or alternating current.

Judge a fan by its motor; and the motor by the name—Robbins & Myers.

* * *

R&M Motors for general power purposes range from 1-40 to 50 horsepower. They are also found on the better electrically equipped devices for factory, store, home and office.

A Robbins & Myers Motor on any such device is a guarantee of superior construction throughout, as well as uninterrupted service.

Power users, electrical device makers and dealers find an unusual trustworthiness in the Robbins & Myers line, the result of 22 years' achievement in this one field.

The Robbins & Myers Company, Springfield, Ohio
For Twenty-two Years Makers of Quality Fans and Motors
Branches in All Principal Cities

Robbins & Myers Fans





AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

A Philosopher

One of the dark-skinned warriors in camp just back from the Champagne grinningly endorsed the war.

"No, sah, boss, Ah ain't got a kick. Dis ahmy is the real life. Why, do you know all dah time Ah was in France Ah nevah missed a meal—not a meal."

Surprise, of course, from the listener.

A row of grinning teeth: "Well, of cohse, sometimes mah meals was about three to foah days late—but Ah got 'em all right."—*Trench and Camp.*

Cabby's Tribute

A cabman was driving a very stout old lady one day, and had some difficulty in getting her in and out of the vehicle.

"I'm afraid I'm a bother to you," said she, as he was helping her out.

"Not a bit," answered cabby, meaning to be gallant. "I likes a fare what steadies the cab."—*Tit-Bits.*



GERMANY STARTS HOME FROM VERSAILLES

Not a Flattering Portrait

While the minister was making a call the little girl of the house was busy with pencil and paper.

"What are you doing?" he asked, when her mother had left the room for a moment.

"I'm making your picture," said the child.

The minister sat very still, and she worked away earnestly. Then she stopped and compared her work with the original and shook her head.

"I don't like it much," she said. "Tain't a great deal like you. I guess I'll put a tail to it and call it a dog."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Sympathy

Dear Sir: I am a total abstainer, but as July 1 approaches, I occasionally find myself envying the other fellows the luxury of a great sorrow.—*Dromedary.*

—*New York Evening Post.*

Louis XIV announced: "I am the State."

"Piker," replied a later sojourner in Versailles, "I am all the States."

—*New York Sun.*

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents. Issues prior to 1910 out of print.

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WHEN you've got dust in your *in-take*, and your *transmission-case* is dry, you will find quick lubrication in

LIFE SAVERS

THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE

PEP-O-MINT WINT-O-GREEN CL-O-VE LIC-O-RICE

This quartet of flavors is hitting on all four cylinders. Your favorite is sure to give you a *quick spark* of enjoyment.

You can always tell genuine Life Savers by the hole. That is the *puncture-proof, non-skid* guarantee of just the right *mixture* of sugar and savor, crispness and flavor. All imitations take a *back seat*.

If you're going to have a *blowout* at home tonight, a *rubber* of bridge or a smoke-fest, *steer* into any shop where confections are sold and take home a few packs of Life Savers.



**Life Savers—
Spare Tires for Flat Tastes**



On city pavements as
on country roads —
wherever men travel
in motor cars — you
will find written in the
familiar characters
of the Goodyear
All-Weather Tread a
reminder that more
people ride on Good-
year Tires than on
any other kind.

This is an actual photograph of the impression left on a
concrete pavement by the Goodyear All-Weather Tread

GOODYEAR
AKRON

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



A Regular Superman

A farm hand who had worked every day in the week from dawn till late at night, finishing the chores by lantern light, went to the farmer at the end of the month and said: "I'm going to quit. You promised me a steady job of work."

"Well, haven't you got one?" was the astonished reply.

"No," said the worker. "There are three or four hours every night I don't have anything to do except fool away my time by sleeping."—*Buffalo Times*.

She Filled the Bill

GAIBOY: Why did you leave your last place?

COMELY APPLICANT: I was caught kissing my employer, sir.

GAIBOY: Er—um—you can start tomorrow morning.

—*Edinburgh Scotsman*.

No Room for Doubt

MRS. EXE: So you and your husband have separated because of a misunderstanding?

MRS. WYE: Not at all, my dear. We parted because we understood each other only too well.—*Boston Transcript*.

"How did you happen to ditch your last fiancé?"

"I found someone who needed reforming worse than he did."

—*California Pelican*.

That settles it!



We're heading due EAST!

And camp is north east. We might have tramped miles out of our way if it hadn't been for this

**CEEBYNITE
24 HOUR COMPASS**

You can't go wrong with a Ceebynite. Its floating dial and permanently luminous N and S points tell the way day or night. A reliable, thin model, white metal hunter case compass. Cap automatically lifted off point when case is closed. Wherever you go this summer take a Ceebynite along. \$3 at dealers. Other Taylor Compasses shown by your dealer:

Loedaw	\$1.00	Magnapole	\$1.50
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If unobtainable locally remit direct to us, sending dealer's name

Taylor Instrument Companies
ROCHESTER, N. Y.



EGYPTIAN DEITIES

"The Utmost in Cigarettes"

Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture and refinement invariably **PREFER** Deities to any other cigarette

Anargyros
Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

30¢



PAUL GOULD

A NOTED EYE SPECIALIST

HOW to be happy though married, is a problem easily solved by also becoming a regular, annual subscriber to LIFE.

Criminal Negligence

"I have my doubts about this League of Nations," remarked the proud parent. "Why?"

"I understand they propose to go ahead and settle it without paying any attention to what my daughter has written about it in her commencement essay."—*Washington Star*.

"WHAT is the matter with Sol Eisenstein lately?"

"Trouble enough. He had three brothers, each with ten thousand insurance, on their way to the front when the armistice was signed. He has never forgiven the government."

—*The Skirmisher*, 4th Div.

The Centre of Social Life
Convenient to Theatres and Shops

THE BILTMORE
NEW YORK

Good Medicine

CHIEF Ung-Jin of the Great Zambesi
Ate in state till he felt uneasy.
Big Witch-Doctor Bum-Wah-Gum 28167
Came to the aid of the royal tum.
Raising a chant to Mumbo Jumbo,
He cooked a kettle of crocodile gumbo
Rich with the blood of the black baboon.
Stirring the broth with the Sacred Spoon.
He dosed his Chief from a cowrie shell.
Strange to say, Ung-Jin got well!

Giles de Vaux, that noble glutton,
Made too free with the ale and mutton.
Michael Scott in his wizard hood
Came prepared to do him good.
Melting the fat of an ancient gander
Round the remains of a salamander,
Adding the slime of a grave-yard snail
And three white hairs from a black cat's
tail.
He filled the Knight with the mystic
brew.
Yet Sir Giles recovered, too!

Bunniwood Steele, the Wall Street win-
ner.

Tarried a thought too long at dinner.
Rufus Paragon Blough, M.D.,
Hurrying down on an urgent plea,
Gave him squill and a pepsin custard,
Rhubarb, ipecac, sage and mustard,
Cascarilla and mastic gum,
Pulsatilla and capsicum.
Swallowing these in faith assured,
Somchow, Bunniwood Steele was cured!

Envoi

Would you have us place reliance
Less in Drugs and Pseudo-science,
More in Nature—for our ills
Using Sense with fewer Pills?
No! the change were all too tragic!
We like being healed by Magic!

A. G.

GENERAL ANDREW JACK-
SON'S portrait decorates all the
hundred-dollar Liberty Bonds and Vic-
tory Notes. This is an evidence of
greatness, but it is no proof that he
ever had the privilege of being a regu-
lar, annual subscriber to LIFE.



AND

CANTRELL & COCHRANE
THE STANDARD

Ginger Ale

OF TWO CONTINENTS

Order by the dozen
for use at home

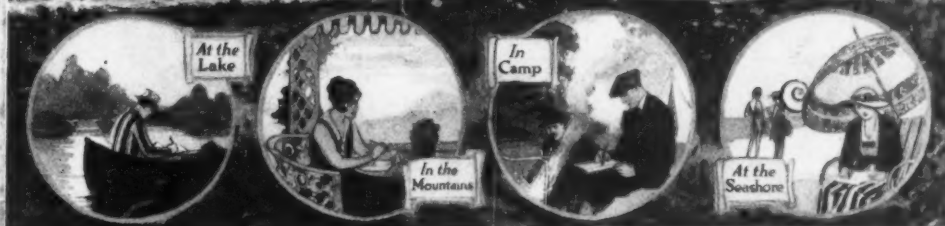
Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen



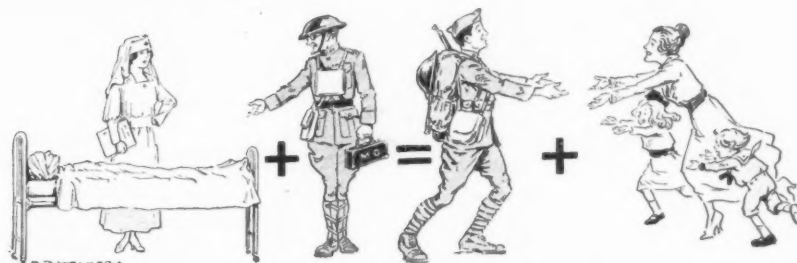
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the Vacation
Spirit Calls*

The pen shown is one
of the Safety type.
It can be carried in
any position in pocket
purse or bag without
the slightest danger
of leakage.

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Everywhere



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Faultless

SINCE 1881

Pajamas & Night Shirts

REST ASSURED—

Merely to see Faultless nightwear is to "sense" comfort.

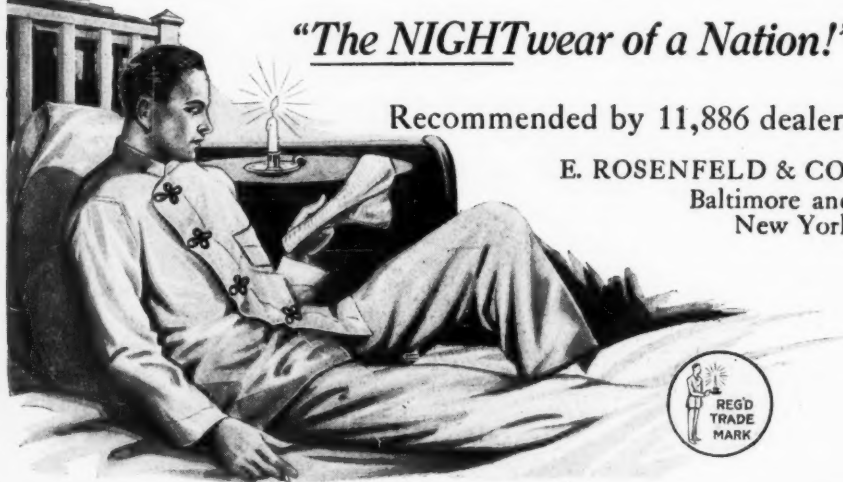
All that induces refreshing sleep is in Faultless Pajamas and Night Shirts. They are made of soft, cool, skin-soothing, seasonable lightweight fabrics—roomy, well proportioned, specially sewed and finished inside and out.

They "Exceed Expectations"—being noticeably different and perceptibly better than the look-alike other kind. There's the reason for the recognized take-the-lead, set-the-pace reputation of

"The NIGHTwear of a Nation!"

Recommended by 11,886 dealers

E. ROSENFELD & CO.
Baltimore and
New York



War Trophies

Report of the Peace Commission on the Assignment of War Trophies

THE TRENCHES.—To be used as an eternal resting place for our deported Bolsheviks and other undesirables.

THE U-BOAT DEUTSCHLAND.—To become a submarine cabaret managed by those impoverished war victims, the New York Restaurateurs. Will open July 2nd. Three miles out and a mile down.

THE KAISER'S CROWN.—To William Randolph Hearst, as an expression of the gratitude of all the Allies.

DER KRONPRINZ.—To weep on the shoulders of American ladies who have written sentimental reports on the homesickness of our soldiers.

ALL CAPTURED GERMAN WAR MATERIAL.—To the Senate of the United States, that it may spend the remainder of its days in eloquent piecemeal donations to the City Hall Parks of America, and thus never again lack a harmless occupation.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S TYPEWRITER.—Completely renovated by Mr. Tumulty, this supreme trophy of the war is bequeathed to Mr. Burleson for the typing of his never-to-be-published best seller, "Proclamations and Explanations."



WHAT MOST OF US HAVE THOUGHT WE SHOULD LIKE TO DO

Geography

IF I'd been born across the seas—
In a little house of clean bamboo,
Among the flowering cherry trees—
If I'd been fed on fish and rice,
The queerest nuts that ever grew
And all the different sorts of teas—
If I'd been used to jinrikisha,
And never seen a railroad car,
Perhaps it wouldn't seem so nice
To be a Japanese.

We have such very common things,
Like pigs in pens—and coops of hens,
'Round corner stores that smell of
cheese—

While they have storks with spreading
wings

That live among the reedy fens—
Their girls have paper parasols
And painted fans—as well as dolls—
They wade in flowers to their knees
And live a life of joyous ease—
These happy Japanese.

But Mary Jane does sound so plain
Compared with "Neo Una Yan."
And such a place as "Jones' Creek"
(That's where I live and must remain)
Could not be found in all Japan.
Instead of "Pike's" or "Skinner's"
Peak,

Of Fuji-yama there they speak—
The Sacred Mountains by the Seas—
How elegant geographies

Must be in Japanese!

S. B. B.

Bolshevism

By John Spargo

"THIS book, more than any other, approximates a deliberate and scientific study of Bolshevism and not an ex-parte indictment."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"No evidence of passion or prejudice."—*Buffalo Express*.

"If all Americans who talk so much, and often so ignorantly, would read this book they would be immeasurably better for the experience."—*New York Sun*.

"The first careful, intelligent study which has been done in English."—*New York Globe*. \$1.50

HARPER & BROTHERS Est. 1817



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Winds any make or model phonograph electrically. Easily attached without marring woodwork—positive in operation. Simply touch a button to wind your phonograph.

Write us today or ask your dealer.

JONES-MOTROLA, Inc.
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The Diagnosis

INSOMNIA and jangling nerves had driven me to the doctor. Perhaps I should have gone to a specialist, a stranger, who would have been unfamiliar with my personal habits and mode of existence. But instead I consulted the old family physician.

"You are suffering from brain fag," he said at once.

I was tremendously flattered; at the same time I was wonderfully relieved. I had thought my condition more serious.

"Get out of doors," he advised. "Live in the open. Fresh air and plenty of exercise are the only tonics you need."

I told him I felt better already. I wanted to go fishing, anyhow. I positively smiled—smiled for the first time in weeks.

"Leave your work behind," he said. "Give your mind an absolute rest. Do no writing. Abandon all brain work. I should say your whole trouble lies in the fact that you have been doing entirely too much brain work."

This time my smile expanded. It became a grin, then developed into a chuckle, then I actually roared with laughter.

"Where do you get that stuff?" I demanded.

He looked puzzled. "Your literary labors," he explained. "You are still engaged in literary work, are you not?"

When I assured him that I had done



THE moment you recognize the difference in the way the Liberty rides and drives—you know, also, why it is making such wonderful records in standing up, and in economical mileage. Superiority so marked as that which shows itself unmistakably in the first ten minutes can only come from quality deeply imbedded in design, in material, and in construction.

Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit



LIBERTY SIX

AT
BEST
STANDS



Exclusive
Havana Cigar
MADE IN BOND
U.S. GUARANTEE

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"CUESTA-REY"

TAMPA — SINCE 1884 — HAVANA



no brain work for at least five years, that I now confined my output to the manufacture of moving-picture scenarios, he couldn't seem to understand.

It is really remarkable how stupid doctors are, outside their own professional field.

MANAGER: So you've a couple of new plays? Really new?

PLAYWRIGHT: Well, one is a war drama without a German spy, and the other a comedy farce without a bedroom scene.



PALL MALL

Famous Cigarettes

At your Club

Plain Ends



Mito
VIOLETS
DELICATELY SCENTED GOLD TIPS
25¢ for 10 BOX DE LUXE OF 100 ~ \$2.50

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Seventeen
Ninety
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ELEGANCE

QUIET elegance, dignity and refinement are expressed throughout in Hollenden appointments, and reflected in Hollenden patronage.

Cuisine and service are keyed to the demands of discriminating tastes.

European Plan, with Bath:

Single	\$2.00 to \$4.00
Double	\$4.00 to \$5.50
With Twin Beds	\$5.00 to \$7.00

The Hollenden, Cleveland



"THE DOCTOR IS TELLING EVER'BODY HOW HE GIVE YE NOTHIN' BUT SWEETENED WATER 'STEAD OF REG'LAR MEDICINE, JED."
"THE DANGED OL' HYPOCRITE! BUT JEST WAIT TILL HE TRIES TO PASS THAT BILL I PAID HIM WITH!"

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There's
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Falk Tobac

To Err Is Woman

WHEN the husband returned unexpectedly from his journey, he saw his best friend going out of the back door with his wife.

"You came too soon," said his best friend. "You should have waited. We did not look for you."

"I heard," said the husband, "that there was another man making love to my wife here, and I hurried home for the purpose of dealing with him."

"You forgot," said his best friend, "that I was here to protect you. Knowing that the other man was making love to her, I was forced to cut him out."

"And you succeeded?"

"Certainly. Am I not your best friend?"

The husband reflected for some time. At last he said:

"Yes, I see. As long as my wife is this kind of a woman, she would eventually have gone off with someone, anyway. And as my best friend, you thought it was better that it should be done right."

"Exactly."

The husband turned to his wife.

"Is this true?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, that being the case, you may go."

At this the best friend smiled.

"The real trouble with you," he said to the wife, "is that you didn't make love to me first. Then you wouldn't have had to go."

Discipline—Military and Human

THE review of the Ninety-first "Wild West" Division in San Francisco came to grief and glory at once. When the Three Hundred and Sixty-third Infantry and the Three Hundred and Forty-seventh Field Artillery paraded through the streets, police regulations for keeping back the

There's
something
about them
you'll like—

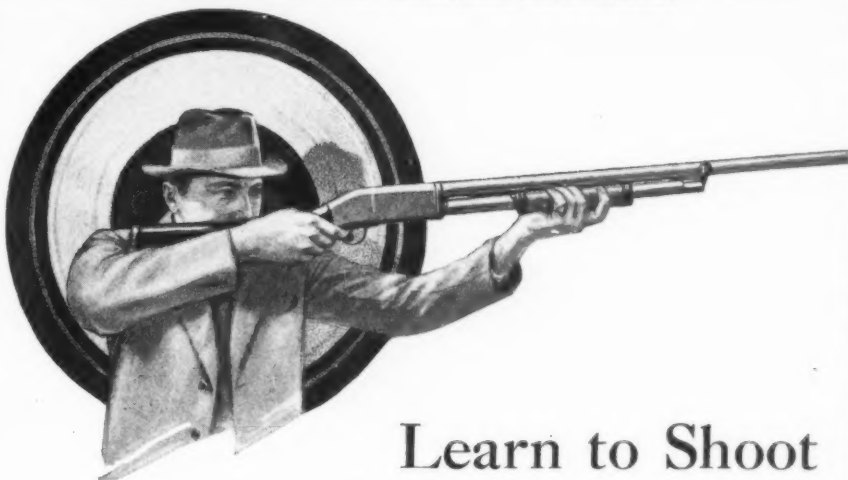


Twenty to
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London Cigarettes

Herbert Tareyton London Smoking Mixture
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Learn to Shoot

Know how to handle and use a gun! Sharpen your judgment and mental speed. Rebuild your vitality. Revamp your resistance. This is the reconstructive age—individual as well as general—and

Trapshooting

is the reconstructive sport—particularly for the business man. It demands concentration—the kind of concentration that takes you completely away from your worries and your business while you play.

It sends you back a better man—clearer and keener in thought and judgment.

Do you think trapshooting is easy and mechanical—that clay birds are too "tame" a target? Just try it once. Go out to your nearest gun club. Meet the boys and get a sample of this man's size sport.

Write for name of nearest gun club
and our book "The Sport Alluring."

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Wilmington Delaware

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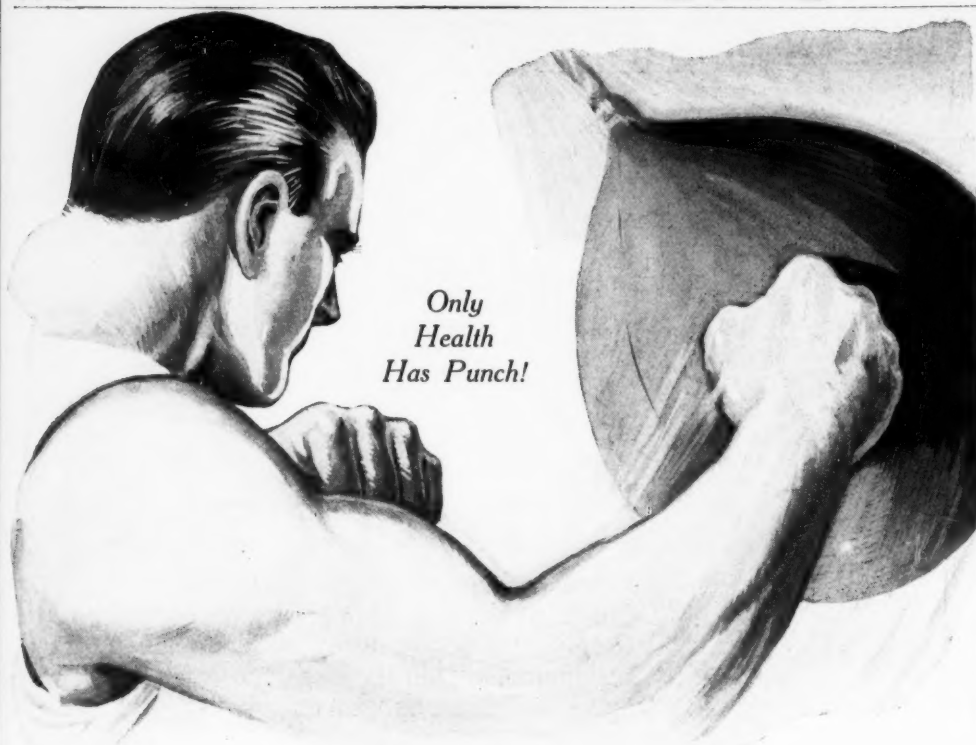
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crowd were rigid. But there came a break, and a wave of emotion swept over everyone. A little old lady saw her boy in the ranks, after she had been notified that he was dead. She reached out her hands and called to him, the tears streaming down her face. It was more than human nature could bear, and Policeman John O'Connor tucked his club in his belt and assisted her over the ropes. A moment later she was in the arms of her boy,

and the rest of San Francisco was right behind her.

The pomp of parade was broken by a splendid, manly act. God must have looked down and smiled on O'Connor.

EVERY adult who was ever a child can remember the joy that came with the arrival of the "picture paper." Every adult who has children can repeat that joy for his children if he is a regular, annual subscriber to LIFE.



ORANGEINE

TABLETS OR POWDERS

will help preserve your health by relieving your system of the nervous shock of pain. Doctors say, stop pain at once, because it taxes your strength and endurance, is a severe nervous strain and causes over-fatigue which menaces health.

To endure pain which spoils efficiency is foolish and dangerous; take the Doctor's advice—STOP it—with pleasant, wholesome Orangeine, that for twenty-five years has been relieving millions from headache, neuralgia, indigestion, and colds. It gives relief promptly. Have it on hand for emergency at all times.

The Doctor's Prescription is on Every Package

because Orangeine is a physician's prescription. It contains no opiates. "Know what you're taking." Insist on Orangeine. At all druggists for convenience—and in most homes for emergency. Tablet or Powder Form.

Prices Per Package: Powders—10c, 25c Tablets—15c, 25c
ORANGEINE CHEMICAL COMPANY, Chicago

Oblivion

I MET a magnate looking glum.
He said, "I thought that I had fame—
That my career was going some—
The papers often print my name.
I thought I'd voiced myself aloud
On vital questions of the day—
That I was known to all the crowd,
And yet"—he turned his face
away—
"It seems I'm harmless, flat and pale—
I did not get a bomb by mail!"
Mabel Haughton Collyer.

If a Wire-Haired Terrier Could Speak

HELLO, master! Hello! hello! hello! Golly, I'm glad to see you! See me jump! Oh, master, there's a nest of field mice in the dead grass beyond the pump in the old field. I dug 'em up, but they got away from me. Hey, master, how about going for a walk? When do I get some supper? I dug up a bone to-day from under your hollyhocks and buried it again under your tomato plants. You're a good old scout, master, and you won't mind, will you? A strange man walked by to-day and I growled at him something fierce. Gee, I'll bet he was scared of me! Don't you worry about me, master; I'll take care of you. How about coming out on the lawn and playing with me, master? Scratch my head, will you? And rub my back with your foot, won't you? You are certainly

YOUR DOCTOR



AS HE APPEARS WHEN HE ASSURES YOU YOUR ILLNESS WILL NOT BE FATAL—



BUT AN OPERATION IS IMPERATIVE.



AND WHEN HE PRESENTS HIS BILL A MONTH LATER.

White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"

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NO spi
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and Dealers
refreshing, S
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The Greatest Reading Circle

YOUR boy joins the world's greatest reading circle when he takes *The American Boy*. Five hundred thousand boys read

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Detroit, Mich.

\$2.00 a year
50c a copy

the most delicious back-scratcher I ever knew. Listen, master, that dog next door uses the vilest language! I went by his front porch to-day and he cursed at me until I almost got ill. He's got a blankety blank nerve for a blank blank blank blankety blankety blank mongrel, he has! And you'd better tell the man that owns him that unless he wants his blankety blankety blank blank cur to come home with a few of his ears chewed off, he'd better make him keep his mouth shut when I'm around. That's all I've got to say. Oh, master, give me some meat for supper, will you? I'm sick of that dog-biscuit! It's about as juicy as a pound of egg shells! And, oh, master, let's do something! Let's not just sit around like a couple of old fogies. Come on, master! A little ginger! A little pep! Ee-yow! Wow!

A Made Man

MRS. CASEY: An' phwat are yez doin' wid thot incoom-tax paper, Casey?

CASEY: Oi'm thryin' to figger out how much money Oi save by not havin' amny.

NO spinster regrets her condition of single blessedness if she is wise enough to be a regular, annual subscriber to LIFE.

Surprise Your Guests
with a glass of

Cheena

Evans'
NON-INTOXICATING
Ale

Soon to be named
"Evans' Cheena Beverage" under Gov't ruling
Refreshing, Satisfying, Typical Evans' product
all the 133 years old goodness and dependability.
Brewed and Bottled only by
EVANS & SONS, Estab. 1796 HUDSON, N.Y.



High on the cliffs of old French Quebec, commanding a magnificent panorama of the St. Lawrence and the Laurentian Mountains stands the

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Like a King's citadel, dominating, impressive, yet welcoming, an old world atmosphere surrounds it, as in Normandy, with a glamour of history and romance—The Plains of Abraham—The Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre—Montmorency Falls.

Fine hard roads, through the White and Laurentian Mountains, and from Albany, make Quebec a magnet for motorists. Cool, bracing air insures perfect comfort on the hottest midsummer days.

CHATEAU FRONTENAC is one of the most interesting and notable hotels of the Continent. Companionable, cosmopolitan people—a New York and Paris cuisine, music, dancing, and the perfect appointments and service of a Canadian Pacific Hotel.

Plan to stop a day—you will stay a week.

Make reservations in advance
For particulars, address

Canadian Pacific Hotels

1231 Broadway, New York 140 S. Clark St., Chicago
or Montreal, Canada

"Castle of Comfort"
QUEBEC
CANADA

'Twas Ever Thus

Thus for the fifth time the country has met the call of the Treasury Department.—Secretary Carter Glass, on the Victory Loan.

THE Continental Army had just delivered the big wallop at Yorktown. "Thus," remarked Washington, "the country has met the call of the Department of Out-Door Exercise and Physical Fitness."

The New World had just been discovered.

"Thus," said Columbus, "Spain once

more attests the value of maintaining a thoroughly efficient and up-to-date Lost and Found Department."

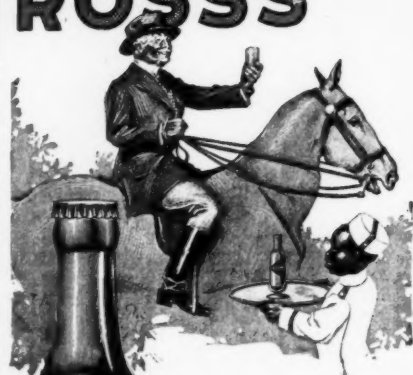
Cæsar had just crossed the Rubicon.

"Thus," he announced, "the country has nobly upheld the hands of its Department of Spans and Bridges."

Alexander had just conquered the world for the fifth time.

"Thus," he explained, "the people have once more responded to the call of the Department of Perpetual World Conquest."

ROSS'S



When you taste it
you know it's imported
from Belfast. Only
Ross's Belfast Ginger
Ale can taste like that.

And you know it comes from Belfast
when you read the label, for now-
adays labels must declare nativity.

You have missed imported ginger
ale the past few years. Now Ross's
Ginger Ale comes back to you—
comes straight from Belfast, despite un-
settlement in Ireland.

ROSS'S
the imported
BELFAST
Ginger Ale

AS I was going to St. Ives I met a
man with seven wives.
Each wife had seven cats.
Each cat had seven kits.
Man, wives, cats and kits,
How many were there going to St.
Ives?

This is an intricate question, but not
one-half so important as this one: Have
you—meaning you—the good sense to
be a regular, annual subscriber to LIFE?

LIFE'S Literary Bureau

WHILE we have not encouraged
would-be writers to send their man-
uscripts direct to the periodicals, we
have, until recently, permitted them to
do so. We have practically succeeded,
however, in forming a close literary com-
bination, editors throughout the country
being obliged to depend upon us for their
copy; we therefore beg to announce that
hereafter all authors should communi-
cate with us, sending in their names, be-
fore attempting to get anything accepted.

If you insist upon doing this, you must
first send to us for our guarantee; other-
wise your manuscript has no chance of
acceptance.

This rule, in a free country, may seem
autocratic, but we beg to assure every-
body that we have only in mind the plac-
ing of our American literature on a firm
foundation. We have more writers on
our list than any other bureau—hence
our strength.

To all editors, therefore, we state that
no matter what material you may want,
we can supply it to you at the lowest
market rates. With the exception of a
few of the more prominent authors, who
have practically retired and are spending
most of their time motoring in the White
Mountains, we have all the best writers.

Indeed, the scope of our undertaking
is now being acknowledged everywhere.
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They "do things" in America. The
latest idea is a literary trust. We
understand that LIFE'S LITERARY BU-
REAU has practically full control of
the market, no editor being able to
get "copy" except through this en-
terprising Bureau. There have been
literary agents from time immemo-
rial, but none has sought to form
a trust. Whether it will be a good
thing for America will depend entire-
ly upon the character of the men in
charge. The American Theatrical

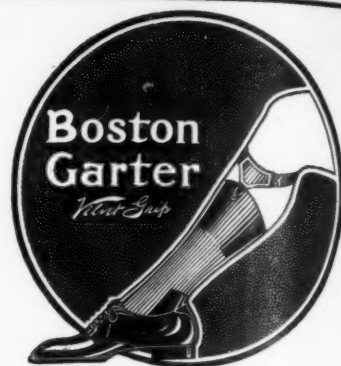
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"THE eight stories in 'Humoresque' are so
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with any other short stories of the day except
those of Miss Hurst's which have preceded
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—N. Y. Times.

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Syndicate has not improved the Ameri-
can drama. Will LIFE'S LITERARY
BUREAU reconstruct literature? We
shall await the result with interest.
—Westminster Gazette.

America at last has a literary
trust. All the literary talent in the
country has been placed under con-
trol. Mr. Rockefeller, it would seem,
has more to answer for than the re-
bate system.—Delectator.

This leads us to state emphatically that
we fully realize our responsibilities.
Sooner or later a literary combination
was bound to come. That we are fully
qualified to place it on the right basis,
no one should doubt who is aware of our
high ideals.

Our scheme is far-reaching, and is ul-
timately destined to place our literature
where it belongs.

It must be understood, also, that it is
strictly scientific and based on a long
study of the human heart. For example,
we have felt for a long time the need of
a few leading American humorists. How
were they to be produced? This was the
problem before us. In reflecting upon

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it, we came to the inevitable conclusion that one of the first essentials to a first-class production of humor is suffering. We selected from among our patrons half a dozen of our most promising young men, and put the case plainly to them, urging them to get married at once and produce large families, and in many other ways create as much trouble for themselves as possible, holding before them the golden reward of the ultimate possession of a vein of pure humor. Here is a letter just received from one which will indicate the wisdom of our system:

DEAR OLD BUREAU: Since I began your course, everything has happened to me. I have had poverty, children, relatives, family rows, sickness and despair; and yet, strange to say, from a capacity of only four jokes a day, I am now writing twenty-five on the average. In three or four years more I shall be able to turn out fifty jokes a day, to say nothing of humorous essays. Of course I am not a world humorist yet, but I am getting there. The only question that confronts me is this: As I begin to struggle out of



"I CAN'T READ THIS PRESCRIPTION, DOCTOR."

"IT ISN'T NECESSARY THAT YOU SHOULD, MY DEAR SIR."

"WELL, DOCTOR, I HOPE YOU'LL WRITE YOUR BILL THE SAME WAY."



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The out-of-door season is here. Get away to the Mountains or the Beaches. Live a while close to nature. Breathe a deep breath of the pine woods. Get the tang of the sea. Forget business! Welcome Peace.

The United States Railroad Administration has issued illustrated booklets, as shown here, to help you decide *where to go*. Each contains authoritative information, list of hotels, etc. Your local ticket agent will assist you; or apply to the nearest Consolidated Ticket Office; or write to the nearest Travel Bureau, naming the booklet desired.



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my difficulties, will my work suffer in consequence? Will prosperity rob me of that final touch, without which the world humorist becomes nothing less than a hack writer?

Our correspondents need have no fear. We are with him closely, and can help him at any moment. He hasn't suffered yet. He needs to get to the point where only happiness lies in his art. He comes, time soon will come, to realize the hopelessness

of prosperity itself; then he will write real humor.

We are glad to state that our new buildings are making rapid progress. They include a dormitory for old, broken-down hack writers, a reading and meeting room for prominent writers who journey back and forth, a hall for public meetings, and a magazine editors' sanitarium. Other buildings are being rapidly planned.

All visitors are welcome. Address
LIFE'S LITERARY BUREAU.



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Books Received

The Wicked Marquis, by E. Phillips Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.)

My Husband, by Mrs. Vernon Castle. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Blue-Grass and Broadway, by Maria Thompson Davies. (The Century Company.)

Aristokia, by A. Washington Pezet. (The Century Company.)

Night Bombing with the Bedouins, by Robt. Reece. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass.)

Hylethen and Other Poems, by Isaac Flagg. (The Stratford Company, Boston, Mass.)

Democracy and the Eastern Question, by Thomas F. Millard. (The Century Company.)

Night Magic and Other Poems, by Ruth Elliott. (The Stratford Company, Boston, Mass.)

Christ as a Teacher, by John W. Wayland. (The Stratford Company, Boston, Mass.)

The Old Family Doctor

HE didn't wear a bristling beard
Or terrifying glasses;
By babies wee he wasn't feared,
He loved the lads and lasses.

He didn't have a mammoth six
To tote him round the city,
But he would help you in a fix—
Big heart that knew real pity!

He didn't tempt mortality
With knives of little beauty;
He asked no thousand-dollar fee
For doing just his duty.

He didn't write a brace of tomes,
He wasn't very wealthy;
But he brought cheer to many homes,
And he kept people healthy.

Edmund J. Kiefer.

A Just Rebuke

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE—Sir: I have read several articles in your paper ridiculing the so-called "cook." In one instance she was supposed to wear borrowed, if not stolen, clothing. Perhaps in times past some one of these girls was obliged to wear cast-off articles for the very reason she was too poorly paid.

Not so in these times. Now they demand better pay, and consequently are ridiculed for that. Pray tell, why is this occupation so shamefully belittled? When there are so many orphans needing homes, how much better is home in a family than a factory with its temptations for young girls, and what is more essential than clean rooms and well prepared meals for a housewife? Yet what self-respecting girls will fill such places

The Burleson Government

finds it necessary to discriminate against citizens who live in the Western and South-Western States.

LIFE does not discriminate against its readers in those States.

In Spite of

the absurd Burleson zone law which, after July first, will largely increase the cost of delivering mail to the Western and South-Western States;

In Spite of

the largely increased cost of coated and super-calendered paper;

In Spite of

the great advance in the wages of union labor affecting compositors, pressmen, feeders and binders;

In Spite of

increased salaries, rent, and price of all materials,

Life

did not increase its prices during the war and has not increased them since the war. Unless something unforeseen occurs the price of LIFE will remain the same as before, and uniform, regardless of zones.

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in the face of such ridicule as the press constantly casts upon them?

AN INDIGNANT COOK.

Yonkers, N. Y., May 31, 1919.

[LIFE accepts this rebuke with a chastened spirit. Certainly there is no calling more important than that of the cook. We hereby take off our hat to all good cooks. May their shadows never grow less!—THE EDITORS.]

SURGEON (before the operation): Wor-rying? Tut! Tut! Why, it won't amount to anything.

THE TIGHTWAD (with a sigh of relief): Thank you, doctor. I knew you'd be reasonable.—Buffalo Express.

About a Minute
That's what it takes to remove hair from the arms, or underarm, with
Evans's Depilatory
Easy and quick. You just mix a little, put it on, and then wash it off—hair and all.
Doesn't injure the skin.
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